

THE DIRTY PARTS OF THE BIBLE

HIGH TIMES

March 1981 \$2.50

SNEAK
PREVIEW
Cheech & Chong's
new flick

CAMOUFLAGE:
Hiding your
plants

Mercenaries:
Itching for
action

**Johnny
Paycheck**
tells Nashville
and Moscow
to shove it

**Sensuous
bath and
other pleasures**



STRAIGHT TALK

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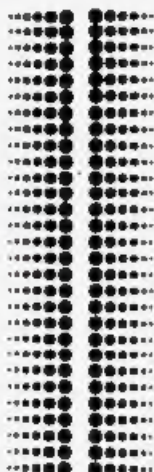
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THIS UP TO DATE NEWSLETTER SHOWS YOU HOW

Some twelve years ago, spurred by mild curiosity, I planted some marijuana seeds. Two lovely plants grew to a height of about eighteen inches, looking healthy and bushy, until one day, when I came home and discovered that both were gone, nipped off at the base. As I cast malevolent and suspicion filled glances at my mate, I noticed that my torn cat was having an extraordinarily hard time walking and was basically behaving in a manner which would be referred to in the trade as stoned on his ass.

Taking that as a cosmic go-ahead, I decided to add marijuana to my repertory of great-success plants.

Many people have written "How to grow" books and pamphlets on marijuana, but they so consistently contradict each other that I was led to believe that they used no controls to check out their findings, that they were basing their writings on limited personal experiences and that they had failed to follow reasonable scientific research procedures. The result is that by following these instructions people have had disastrous results, or at best, low yields. What I have done with a lot of help from my friends, is to compile the best available information, based on actual tests. I have used the experiences of several growers and combined that with research studies done on pot and other plants which can be related directly to cannabis.

STARTING FROM SEED

Unquestionably, the better the seed, the better the final product. So you should make an effort to obtain the best around. This may not be as easy in some parts of the country as in others, but ask friends and relatives, 'specially those

living in Northern California. Most people save seeds, particularly from potent pot. Get a good collection together. The best way to judge the seed is by the way the parent plant smokes. It's very much a matter of like mother like daughter. One thing to be aware of is that pot loses potency if badly cured or mistreated. A lot of Colombian can be induced to grow into fine smoke. Some of the finest California homegrown comes from seeds that are five to seven generations old and have acclimatized sufficiently to produce killer weed. Therefore you should allow one plant to go to seed in order to have enough for the second crop.

Once you get a good stash of seeds, store the ones you won't use. The best way of doing this is to put them into a glass jar with a tightly fitting lid (like a canning jar), put two or three tablespoons of powdered milk into a piece of paper towel, fold and put into the jar with seeds. Change the powdered milk each time you open the jar. This keeps moisture from attacking your seeds and marijuana is particularly susceptible to fungus. Do not use salt because it will ruin seeds. Once you have packaged them properly, put them into your freezer. Don't yank them out at every opportunity to show to your friends or gloat over them yourself. Leave them undisturbed until you need them. Remember, you can't buy these babies at your local nursery, so treat with respect!

Freezing has another benefit. It fakes a winter for your seeds. Once they hit the warm air, they will start running their GERMINATE program. A lot of plants really enjoy such treatment. I know one lady who packs the base of her lilac tree with ice each winter and gets incredible blooms in an area where lilac has a hard time producing.

INDOOR GARDENING

The cool weather is upon us, so batten down the hatches and get ready for indoor growing. Forget your clay pots and pretty redwood boxes. This is serious business and you want maximum yield. Hydroponics is the only way to fly (you can get as much growth out of three square feet hydroponically, as you can out of twenty-five or thirty square feet of soil). A good hydroponic system should pretty much take care of itself. Let me make no bones about it. I'm sold on the Dyna-Gro. I have used it and other systems, which out of human kindness, I shall not name. I had a two-car garage stuffed with hydroponic systems of different kinds for nine months, and it was a no contest. With the nameless ones, I have had to rip-up fully grown plants. . . . because those systems have built in problems. They seem to self-destruct in three months. I watched the Dyna-Gro emerge as a fledgling idea, inspired by the frustrating inadequacies of the other systems and grow into a marvelously dependable garden. All you have to provide are the appropriate climatic conditions.

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HIGH TIMES

No. 67 March 1981

FEATURES

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by Larry Sloman and George Barkin

Don't let the tattoos fool ya: Just 'cause a guy looks, talks and acts like a homicidal maniac doesn't necessarily mean he really is one. America, brace yourself. Here's Johnny!

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by Warren Dearden

Time was you could just throw some seeds in the backyard, wait a few minutes and harvest. Nowadays, between the feds, local heat and poachers it seems like the whole world is out on a search and destroy. Want to protect your crop? This month's expanded "Grow American" tells you how to do it

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Support the HIGH TIMES School of Continuing Education: "A mind is a lotta fun to waste."

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Cornholing in Fantasyland

by Johnny Bob, A Nootka Indian

He headed south with a mouthful of plastic hors d'oeuvres and a bellyful of firewater. Weaker men call him crazy; you'll call him cruel and unusual. Goodbye Hollywood, hello Anaheim

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by Mabrak

Down and out in Babylon, the Rastas living in New York City have made the best of a bad situation. Entering the herb business as the new kids on the block, they've had to deal with the Italian mafia, the black mafia and the occasional Puerto Rican, not to mention the cops

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by Bob LaBrasca

Macho mercs and mass media meet at the Soldier of Fortune Convention.



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by the Rev. Dean Latimer

Back-scuttling angels, gang-banging the rabbi's wife, mass circumcision plus slaughter, donkey cock and horse come. Grab your yarmulkes, hymnals and butt-plugs, boys and girls . . . we're goin' to Sunday school.



72 Pleasures

Somewhere between mindless hedonism and stoic impassivity comes havin' a good time. Featured this month in our new Pleasures department: life at 60,000 feet and the Snonoz, among others . . .

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FOUNDING EDITOR
Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978



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"Out here in Hawaii," says **Warren Dearden**, "it's either camouflage or bust." The man should know. A cultural refugee from the '70s, Warren left California for Maui in '72 and hasn't set foot off the

Who's

island since. Not that he's got anything against the other 49 states, but with an office under a macadamia nut tree, and banana trees in the backyard, who can blame the man for staying put. In this, his third article for **HIGH TIMES** (excerpted from his forthcoming book *Maui-Wowie*), Warren shares with us mainlanders the camouflaging secrets of those venerable island growers. And what with the DEA getting so uppity lately with the spyplanes and helicopters, this kind of info couldn't have come at a better time. For Dearden fans who might want to check out his first book, *A Free Country*, an account of his days in Berkeley, send \$3 to Haiku Books, Box 686, Haiku, Hawaii.

It's almost unbelievable: to see a robust, healthy, chest-thumping young man reduced to a collection of spasms, winces and facial tics in two days. But it happened to **Glenn Trudel**, the



Harry Duncan

photographer we assigned to cover the Soldier of Fortune convention. Though he'd photographed everything from dog food to albino prosthetic devices, nothing in his career prepared him for the knife-throwing, karate-chopping, veins-in-the-teeth type of goings-on that were taking

place down in Columbus, Missouri. Seriously, though, Glenn is an incredible guy. He's taught kindergarten, received a \$30,000 federal grant for developing new teaching techniques and has just finished photographing a series of portraits for the Center for Grief Counseling and Education. He's told us that future plans

high?

have him combining his photographic know-how with his work, helping sexually abused children. Quit smirking: It's not what you think.

We don't know who he is, where he comes from or what he does for a living. We don't want to know, we figure it's none of our business. He came in to see us one day, walked straight into News Editor Bob LaBrasca's office and locked the door. Nobody saw him leave. When we asked Bob what went on in there, he told us to mind our own business. A few weeks later this exposé on the marijuana merchants of New York City arrived in the mail, signed simply "**Mabrak**." Rumor has it that Mabrak's next piece will focus on the cultural antagonism that exists between the Rastas and their Orthodox Jewish neighbors. Bob wants to call it "Dreadlocks and Bagels." Let's hope Mabrak has a sense of humor.

"Well, I guess my greatest thrill was being voted girl most likely to conceive by my sixth-grade class; after that the rest has been anticlimactic." The woman talking is



Debbie Smallman, advertising director of **HIGH TIMES**. Dealing with advertisers can be a touchy business, and don't think Debbie doesn't know it. In fact, she's probably been touched by more people in more places than any other person in the whole world. Coming to us after an illustrious career at *Accessories Digest*, Debbie's hobbies include snorkeling, collecting owl figurines and entertaining at home. A true champion, Debbie hopes some day to save enough money so that she can have the webbing between her toes surgically removed. □



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High society.

We were in a bind. By the time we'd finally decided on a March cover the bulk of the West Coast growing season was over. As we scoured California and Hawaii for a location, word leaked out to old friends **Cheech Marin** and **Tommy Chong**. Immediately upon hearing of our dilemma the boys invited *High Times* publisher Andy Kowl out to the set of their third film. In the new film the guys play a couple of vagabonds who are secretly growing marijuana on the tennis court of a famous rock star's estate and then distributing their produce in a converted ice-cream truck. Quick as a wink the boys got Columbia Pictures' Debra Davis on the case! Costume designer Sharon Day rushed to prepare a camouflage bikini for their female co-star Taffe O'Connell, and Hollywood hot-shot photog Sidney Baldwin was enlisted to capture the moment.

Back at the office we all crowded around Andy. "C'mon, they didn't have a *real* crop growing on the set of that movie. It was just another tinseltown fantasy, right?" Andy wasn't talking, and frankly, we still can't tell. Can you?

Andy Kowl swapping beard stories with Tommy Chong.



After their first two pix grossed \$100 million apiece, the studio gave the boys a ricksha—and a vice-president to pull it.

Cheech and Chong with wives and kids.



Letters.



Jack Abraham

The Kinky Korner

Kinky Friedman's analysis of the urban-cowboy myth was witty, perceptive and very often brilliant. I particularly like his comments about the Eagles. My only complaint would be that there were not nearly enough photographs of Kinky with famous C&W artists.

—Evan Malik,
Sioux City, Iowa

The Nov. '80 issue of *HIGH TIMES* was one of the best, especially the article by Kinky Friedman. A lot of my girl friends think that Kinky's humor is offensive to women, as well as to nearly everyone else, but I disagree. He may be outrageous, but he's only calling 'em the way he sees 'em. Also, I think the "Kinky Kut Out Doll" should be a regular feature. He's so sexy in his underwear.

—Velma Jenkins,
Greensboro, N.C.

Here, have yourself a party.—Ed.

A Hoover High

Have you ever had a good stash accidentally spill on your carpet? A bummer? Not necessarily. Get a pantyhose and stretch it over the nozzle of your vacuum cleaner. Turn on the vacuum and watch all the pot go into the hose. Then turn off the cleaner and shake the grass out of the pantyhose. You may

have a few toenails and nose hairs mixed in with the grass, but that should just make it all the better.

—J.M., Mayport, Fla.

Man, we'd hate to be invited to your place for dinner.—Ed.

Clarification

In our November "Letters" column, we mistakenly reported that no reliable urine test for detecting marijuana particles had yet been developed. As it happened, the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California, was just then putting into production the "EMIT Cannabinoid Assay," a urine test that, the company claims, can detect the telltale endproducts of marijuana in human urine for up to ten days after the drug has been ingested. Selling for \$175 per unit, the kit requires the buyer to supplement it with a good deal of complicated lab gear—your local cop shop, that is, isn't likely to have one around to check out the urine of random potheads, so's to bust them for "public intoxication" or whatever.

Ordinary pot-smoking citizens need not fear the EMIT pisstest, since the police under law can't use it in court to prove that anyone "possesses" marijuana, just because its metabolites are present in his or her bloodstream. People who are in jail or on parole, however, should be aware that the EMIT test is being brought by prison wardens and parole officers; since prisoners and parolees have absolutely no Constitutional rights, this test is and will be used by law-enforcement authorities to discipline prison inmates, and to send parolees back to jail. People in the armed services and in drug-free therapeutic programs are also subject to legal infringement of their liberty on the basis of the EMIT test.

Merely abstaining from marijuana use will not necessarily insure that a person will show up "negative" on the EMIT test. The test will detect the presence of as little as 50 billionths of a gram of marijuana residue in the urine; if a person happens to walk by another person smoking a joint, and inadvertently inhales some of the sidestream smoke, days later the EMIT test might still detect traces of marijuana residue in his or her urine.

So what do YOU have to say?

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Connoisseur.



Painting by Bob Verma

Zen Buddhism

by "R."

Did you ever get a chance to smoke some "Buddha grass"? Bet you haven't forgotten it. Because it's rare—rare as a genuine relic of the True Cross, rare as a Moonie with an independent mind. Once every year or so someone will have some Thai he calls Buddha grass. And once every five years it will be the Real Thing.

But you'll know. Not necessarily from the look of it. Although it's likely to manifest itself as a Thai stick, one year it'll be a fresh and delicate golden brown, five years later it'll be born again as a thick, gray, crusty-looking stick.

That's how it appeared to me this year, the first time in five long years since that last Buddha breezed through my brain. I didn't believe the musty, mummified-looking Thai being offered me could possibly be the Buddha of my memories, but one puff was enough to convince me. Religious conversion don't take much time: Saul didn't stop on the road to Tarsus and make up a list of pluses and minuses about Christianity. He heard the Word and he *knew* in an instant. That's what happened to me with Buddha: one puff and I *believed* again—not in God but in the grass he grows.

Several hours later when I returned to earth from my short stay in heaven I began to think about the often neglected spiritual highs that good grass can inspire.

One valuable service performed by *High Culture*, William Novak's recent

book about the actual experiences of grass users, is that it reminds us how, for many smokers, often the most profound effects of smoking grass are spiritual. There are all these middle-class, materialist, careerist, me-generationists smoking their first few joints and suddenly thinking about the Meaning of Life, the creation of the universe—what came *before* the Big Bang, anyway—the Mind of God, the mysteries of Eternity.

These accounts are a good antidote to the mindless antigrass preachings of the fundamentalists who see only reefer madness in a nickel bag. In fact, I'd be willing to bet more people in America are turned on to God and the spiritual life by grass than by ravings from the pulpit.

I personally knew some dedicated and sincere Protestant seminarians who made it a practice to get high before church and who, as a result, developed a truly turned-on enthusiasm for their vocation. Everybody knows how many Jesus freaks first got turned on to spiritual things by grass but couldn't handle the high, couldn't get enough from the grass and had to turn to God for the total turn-on.

But let's get back to Buddha grass. It's not the only kind of religious high. Compare it, for instance, with lamb's bread, the sacramental grass of the Rastas.

Buddha grass gives you a totally serene contemplative high. A feeling of heavenly contentment, a calm delight in contemplating not the things that exist in

the world but the shimmering reality of existence itself. Not the pictures on the tapestry but the very fabric itself—the way it weaves being and nothingness in the warp and woof of consciousness.

Lamb's bread on the other hand is the Holy Roller of religious grass. Instead of watching the world whirl slowly through space beneath you from your Buddha-like throne of godlike detachment, with lamb's bread you *become* the whirl, you get caught up in the delirious rapture of planetary motion, *feel* all the fine tuning and reggae rhythms of the music of the spheres.

Let me describe two other varieties of religious highs and see if they ring a bell in someone else's steeple out there. I call them Spiritual Hungers and the Metaphysical Munchies.

In some ways I prefer them to the calm Nirvana and the wild raptures of Buddha and Rasta respectively. Maybe they're on a slightly lower spiritual plane, but you miss a lot if you skip these two stops and go directly to God.

Consider first Spiritual Hunger highs. They're easier to understand than the Metaphysical Munchies. I often find myself in the spiritual hunger state after smoking certain Central and South American red-bud varieties. Certainly Panamanian will do it to you. In this special state of mind you first discover the taste for, then hunger after, religious

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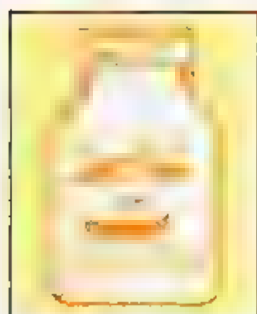
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Connoisseur

continued from page 10

experiences that grow out of the realm of the senses. You listen to Bach or Coltrane and dance up to heaven in your head, sped there by angelic grace notes. You stare at color plates of Blake and the later Van Gogh and quiver with the visionary radiance that pulses out of those pictures. Certain sensual ecstasies are transfigured into timeless tantric tom-toms thundering in your blood. I think you know what I mean. Even certain smells satisfy a spiritual hunger: certain incenses, a freshly opened rose, a well-seasoned spaghetti sauce.

We all have our favorites and I'd be interested to hear from "Connoisseur" readers exactly which particular things in each of the five sense categories most totally satisfy those spiritual hungers.

But let's turn for a moment to the Metaphysical Munchies, since it's a different order of spiritual experience. It's not about *answers*, it's about *questions*. It's about the deliciousness of the quest for answers itself, of the tenuousness of Truth itself, rather than the Revelation of a single Truth.

I know it's too crude to keep associating each of these evanescent spiritual states with the earthy geography of particular kinds of pot. Still I have to admit I do associate the Metaphysical Munchies with certain kinds of Mexican grass. I'm the type who can get the Spiritual Hungers from a loose-joint dealer's stash, but I do associate certain interesting metaphysical meanderings with Michoacán and, yes, the legendary Acapulco gold.

With a case of the Metaphysical Munchies you begin thinking less about whether God created the universe and more about such classic questions as What was he doing *before* he created the universe? Was he bored? What did he think about? And who created him or her? Is space just nothing? Did it exist before time and what was that like, anyway? Or how about this one that has troubled philosophers ever since Hume and Berkeley: Is there any way to prove that it's you that's real and not your dreams, or that you're not a creature of someone else's dream?

Instead of feeling a warm, loving wonder for creation, as you do in the Buddha weed state, you find yourself poking around into the black holes, the quirks, the quarks, the question marks of Creation. Such fascinated questioning can often be the beginning of profound spiritual quests. It can also leave you hungry for Chinese food an hour later.

But wait. I think I just found the answer at last to one of these eternal questions. What *was* God doing before he created the universe?

Smoking some Buddha grass. ☐

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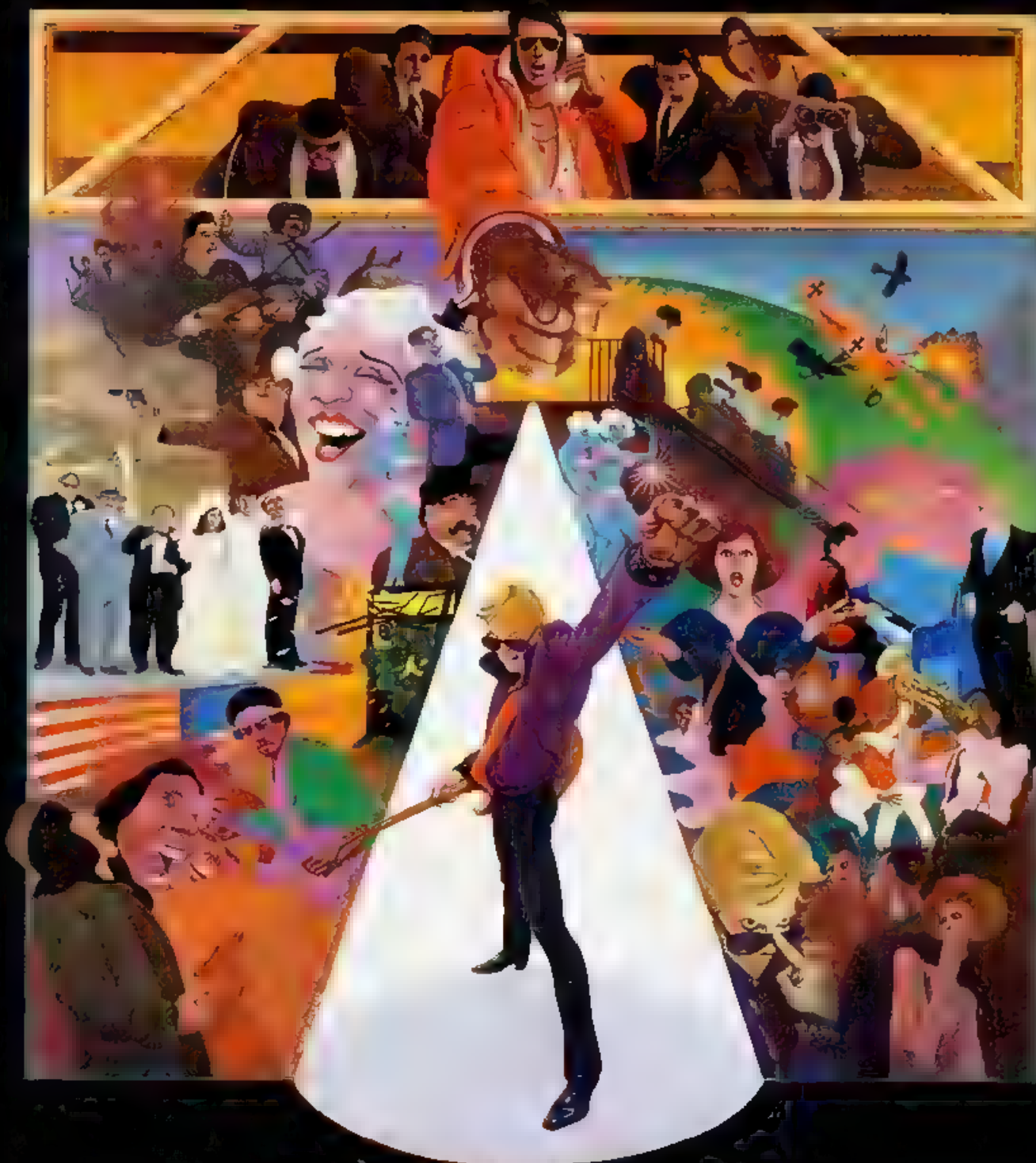
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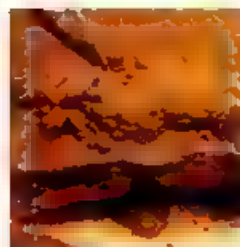
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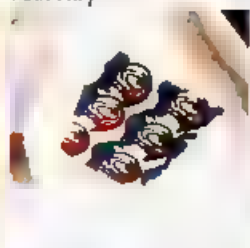
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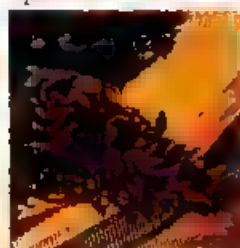
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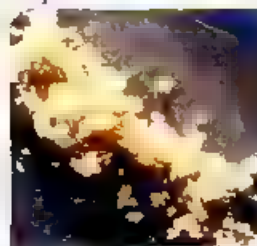
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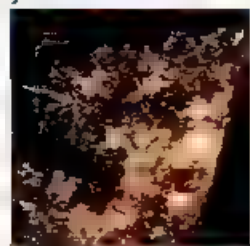
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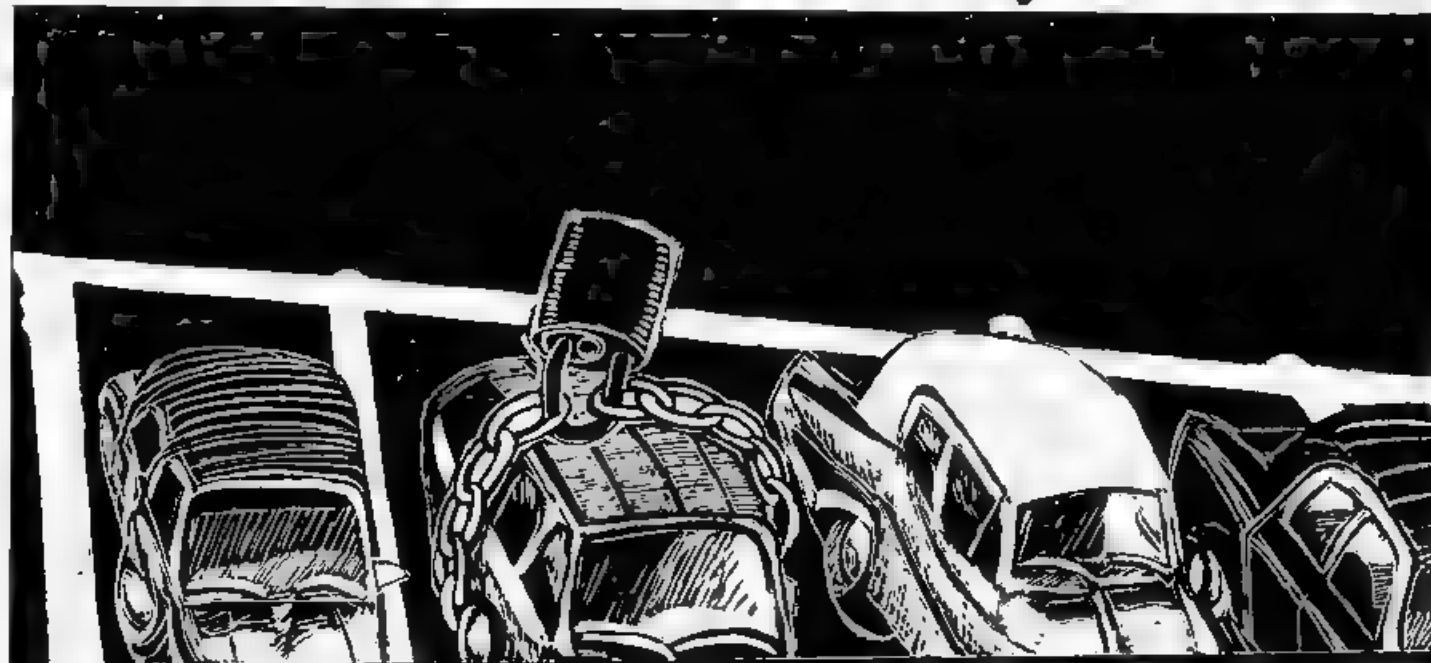
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Getting Off.

Privacy and Your Car



by Michael Stepanian

Remember Robert Mitchum in *Thunder Road*, a bunch of booze in the trunk, smashing through the backroads of Tennessee, trying to keep his family's rum-running operation out of the hands of the feds? Well, all that bootlegging activity carved out a mass of exceptions as regards the search and seizure of automobiles.

We already know that to search without a warrant the police must have probable cause. The most common way they obtain it in an automobile search is via the "plain sight doctrine." For instance: You're pulled over, the cop sticks his head in your window and sees some green vegetable matter—he's going to search. He'll say he saw some in the front and some in the back, so therefore he's got probable cause to believe that the stuff is all over the interior of the car. But here's where those exceptions come in. For all intents and purposes, cars can be divided into "zones of privacy," with each successive zone becoming more difficult for the police to gain legal access to. Most accessible, of course, is the passenger area (under seats, around the dashboard and steering wheel, etc.); then there's the glove compartment, and in cars that have them, the console. Next is the trunk, and most inaccessible of all is a sealed package or locked suitcase inside the trunk.

So, you've got a cop rubbernecking

inside the car, he sees something suspicious, and he figures that he's got enough probable cause to crawl up your ass with a flashlight. "Open the glove compartment," he says. "No, I don't consent to a search," you say, and politely hand him your license and registration. The law states that areas that are *locked* indicate an expectation of privacy and cannot be indiscriminately searched.

In order to get into your trunk (which, like your glove compartment, should always be locked) the police must be led to believe that it contains either instrumentalities of criminal conduct or evidence of criminal activity. If they do happen to get into the trunk legally and they find a sealed package or locked piece of luggage, they're still not empowered to crack the box or suitcase.

Next to the routine check for license and registration, being pulled over for drunk driving is probably the most common four-wheel roust. If you're picked up alone and under the influence, the car will be taken to a garage, but under law it cannot be thoroughly searched.* So, if you're being held, try and get someone to pick up the car as soon as possible. A cop who stops you and can't smell alcohol on your breath will usually detain you and give you a sobriety test on the spot. Under

*Some states do permit a custodial or inventory search, which is done ostensibly to protect your private property.

ordinary circumstances, he's not allowed to search the car. What he will do is detain you and try to make you slip up in some way so that he can get probable cause. Be cool.

When a cop suspects you of driving a stolen car, he will check the hot sheet and your VIN number (vehicle identification number). Then, if nothing turns up, in order to do a legal search, he must be able to prove that other circumstances at that time led him to believe the car was stolen. If the car is stolen, you're up shit creek.

Yes, vehicle searches are a bit tricky, involving a slew of intricacies and technicalities, but it's worth your while to familiarize yourself with them. Remember: Don't throw drugs out the window. If you're pulled over, don't argue. Keep your license and registration handy and not in your glove compartment, which, like your trunk, should be locked at all times. Don't leave roaches in the ashtrays or paraphernalia in the back seat. Keep your car registered and in good working order. Pay all your parking tickets and have no outstanding warrants. When stopped by police do not make any movement that might be interpreted as reaching for a weapon. And most important, the safest spot in your car is inside a *locked* suitcase (with someone else's I.D.) that's inside a *locked* trunk. Happy motoring. □

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Mar. '81
No. 67

DEA CONCOCTS CRIME, PUTS DRUGS ON STREET

ANATOMY OF A STING

HOW THE SCAM WAS CONCEIVED AND EXECUTED

Before a HIGH TIMES exposé of Buckeye Scientific, a Columbus, Ohio, chemical supply firm, could reach the newsstands, the company's owner-operator, Richard Hall, was dead. He had been beaten lifeless in a Columbus parking lot (see November and January HIGH TIMES). Hall's untimely end only deepened the mystery surrounding Buckeye and its proprietor. Highwitness News has continued its investigation and has learned much about the extent of Buckeye's activities as a sting operation for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration and the circumstances of Hall's death.

At this writing, Buckeye is still in business. A helpful gentleman answers the telephone and promises to send callers the company's catalog of drug-pre-

cursor chemicals and lab supplies. Now run, informed sources say, by the DEA itself, Buckeye continues to try to suck unsuspecting would-be bathtub chemists into a trap that could imprison them for years.

continued on page 23

DIAL-A-BUST

HIGH TIMES has determined that at least two chemical companies that have advertised in its pages, besides Buckeye Scientific, have served as informants for the DEA. They are Education Modules, a division of Merrill Scientific in Rochester, New York, and Precision Organic Chemical Company of Alsip, Illinois. According to documents filed in connection with federal drug-conspiracy cases in Missouri and Texas, both companies have supplied information to federal agents about their customers.

Reached by telephone, representatives of Education Modules said they could supply a number of chemicals, known to be heroin-synthesis precursors, on request. Precision has provided information to the DEA on its clients as recently as April 1980, but no phone listing for them is currently available. HIGH TIMES has received copies of drug recipes that Precision sent to customers who were later busted

(For reasons that will become obvious, those who supplied details for this investigation have asked to remain nameless.)

"STASH" RESTS IN PEACE

WORLD LOSES STRAIGHT-DOPE CONNECTION

The Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens (STASH), one of the most venerable institutions to arise out of the 1960s psychedelic revolution, died with dignity on December 31. After 14 years of providing well-researched, honest and objective information on the effects of psychoactive substances, the organization, based in Madison, Wisconsin, decided to sell its assets to pay its increasing debts rather than drift slowly into bankruptcy.

Having fought the tide of reactionary ignorance about drug use and abuse for its entire life, STASH became a victim of the new wave of government and foundation disinterest in intelligent drug research and information. In its final press release, the group attributed its demise "in part, to rising costs during this recessionary period," but also to "prevailing public and government indifference to antiquated and hypocritical social and le-

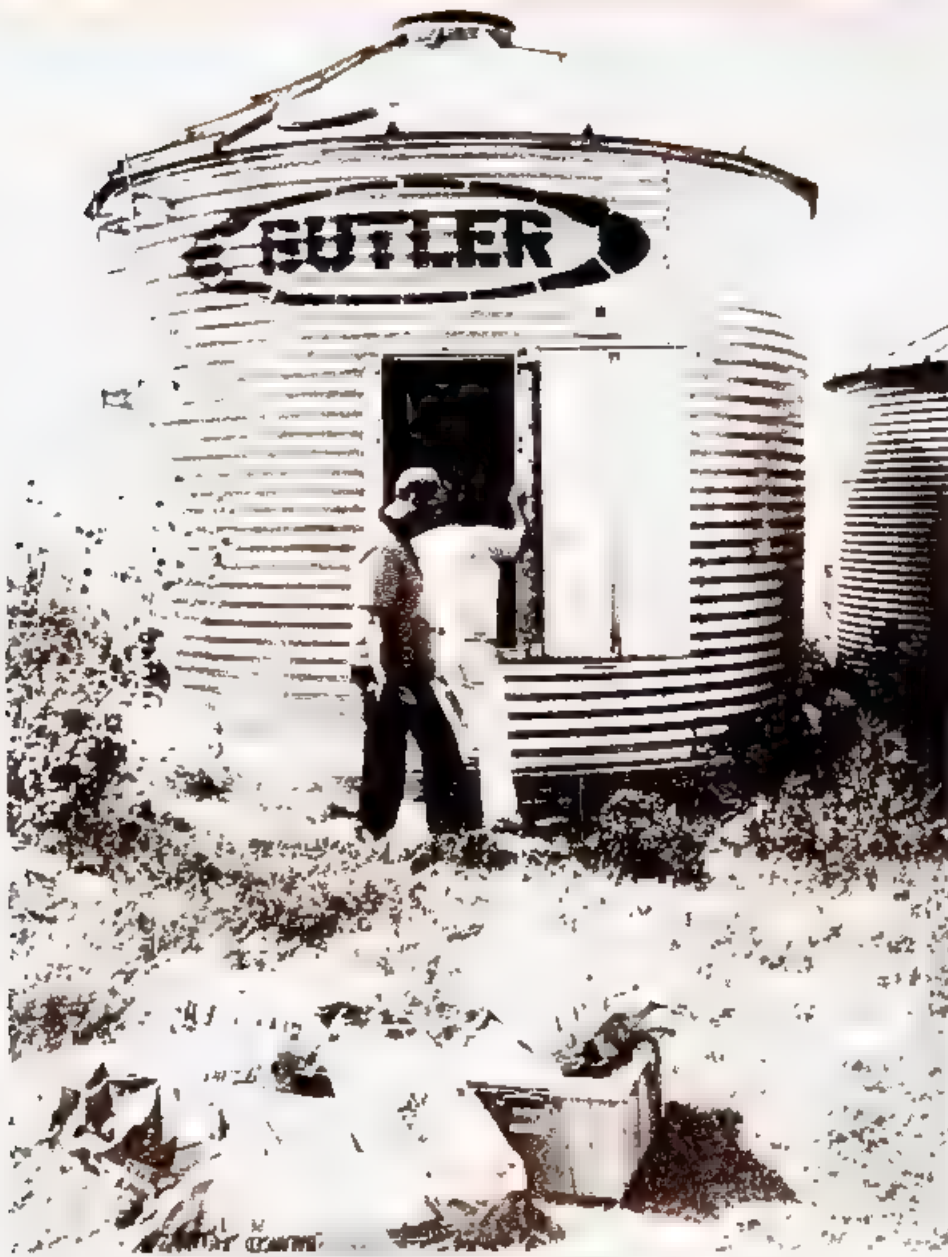
gal policies, which aggravate—rather than help solve—the complex problems surrounding drug abuse in our society."

Founded in 1967 at Beloit College in Beloit, Wisconsin, STASH offered an alternative to the government, the American Medical Association, drug enforcement agencies and other sources of misinformation about the stuff on which people get off. Responding to the demands of drug users and the general public, they published the scholarly *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs* and *Grassroots*, a bulletin on new developments in drug studies, along with several other books and periodicals. Their work became widely respected, so much so that in 1971 they were asked to produce a series of reports on drug-abuse topics for distribution by the federal government.

The only attacks on STASH's integrity came from the rabid fanatics associated with Georgia's Dekalb County Families in Action and other jackals currently riding the bandwagon of reefer-madness backlash. The reason the bluenoses have had it in for STASH is obvious. Backed by what is reputedly the most complete library on psychoactive drugs outside of the Library of Congress, they persisted in stating that the drug laws themselves constituted a national health problem; that the most dangerous psychoactive substance in use in this society was alcohol; and that marijuana, by comparison, was relatively harmless.

It is a sign of the times that, while researchers zealously looking for some hideous marijuana side effect (somehow never discovered in thousands of years of human use), have had little trouble getting support for their projects, STASH was unable to solicit adequate backing to save it from oblivion. Unwilling to taint its reputation by seeking government support, STASH representatives knocked on the doors of numerous private foundations, but, in the last year and a half, were able to secure only one grant—\$500 to distribute drug-abuse literature in Milwaukee. Even likely contributors like the Playboy Foundation and liberal millionaire and NORML supporter Stewart Mott turned them down, and they were forced to submit to extinction.

STASH's principal publications, however, will continue under other auspices: *The Journal of Psychedelic Drugs* has been sold to the Do It Now Foundation of Phoenix, Arizona. *Grassroots* was bought by the U.S. Journal on Alcohol and Drug Dependence in Hollywood, Florida, and STASH's massive library has been donated to the Wisconsin Alcohol and Drug Abuse Research Institute in Milwaukee. STASH spokesman Leif Zerkun told HIGH TIMES he hoped the new owners would maintain the quality standards set by STASH, but added, "We won't be around to monitor them."



Who says they don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee? Oh, well. What Merle Haggard doesn't know won't hurt him. Officers of the Muskogee, Oklahoma, district attorney's office are shown here inspecting grain storage structures where numerous pounds of weed were stashed. The search was undertaken in connection with the bust of one of several pot farms in the area. Maybe they don't smoke, but just grow and sell it.



WIDE WORLD

Government joints. University of California researcher Dr. Michael Friedman displays a tin of machine-rolled federal reefer, fresh from the National Institute on Drug Abuse pot farm in Mississippi. The weed is being used for experiments to reduce the nausea and vomiting caused by chemical and radiation cancer therapy.

DRUGGIES BLAMED FOR MOOSE MURDERS

The Hysterical, Antidrug, Cock 'n' Bull Story of the Month award goes to the officials of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department and the gullible media that put this juicy yarn on the national wire.

Blaming the illegal killing and butchering of eight to ten moose in New Hampshire and Vermont on a "drug ring," Fish and Game director Charles Barry called the incident "the most bizarre thing we've ever encountered." Barry attributed his information to "an informant" and suggested that the moose meat, which sells for five dollars a pound on the black market, was being "traded for illegal drugs."

Barry's idea seemed to be that there was a band of backwoods junkies wandering the hills of New England like smackhead Sasquatches, slaughtering giant mammals to feed their habits. But Barry also told drooling reporters, desperate for any story with a dope twist, that he had "strong reason to believe that the people involved in this are also involved in drug trafficking."

Let's get this straight. Are the moose poachers addicts or dealers? What's going on here, anyway? It might be just as reasonable to theorize that the moose themselves were junkies and got snuffed when they threatened to squeal.

RECORD HASH HAUL DESTROYED IN SPAIN

LAS PALMAS, CANARY ISLANDS—It took the military and civil authorities here over a year to decide on the best way to destroy over 5,000 kilograms of hashish seized near this port in October of 1979. The Madrid-based daily, *ABC*, reported that the navy and national guard had considered burying it at the bottom of the sea but finally decided to burn it. The technique for incinerating such a potent mass of concentrated smoke was not revealed.

A year earlier, authorities had busted

the American yacht *Algoma* with a cargo of 5,180 kgs of hash from Lebanon in what was called the largest hash bust ever in Spain, and perhaps in Europe. Two American citizens and one Italian were arrested, but the "brain" of the operation and the owner of the vessel could not be found. The court imposed a heavy smuggling fine for the three sentenced and seized both the cargo and the ship. The smugglers could still face a new trial for violation of Spain's territorial waters.



WIDE WORLD

Drug Enforcement Administration regional director John W. Fallon grabbed headlines when he announced at a New York press conference the seizure of 46.2 pounds of heroin. The smack is laid out on the table in front of him, surrounded by the classy Italian furniture in which the stuff was concealed. The DEA admits to capturing less than 5 percent of the horse imported annually.

NO ONIONS PLEASE: THEY MAKE ME FEEL SINFUL

LANSING, MICHIGAN—Three sisters, aged 25, 27 and 30, were captured here recently by local police and charged with "joy-riding and indecent exposure" after they

stole a United Parcel Service truck and took it for a spin. When apprehended they were wearing only tennis shoes and their bodies were smeared all over with mus-

tard. No explanation was offered for their unique behavior; they said only that they had become "filled with the Holy Spirit" after a Bible reading.

NEW JAMAICAN PRIME MINISTER PONDERES GANJA LEGALIZATION

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—Newly elected prime minister Edward Seaga, who campaigned mostly on a platform promising fiscal responsibility, told startled reporters recently that he would seriously consider legalization of marijuana. No one would have raised an eyebrow from such a suggestion from his predecessor, Michael Manley, who was more than once accused of coziness with the ganja merchants; but coming from Seaga, so soon after his electoral victory, it surprised many political observers.

Seaga has billed himself as, above all, an economic realist, and the prospect of channeling more of the millions of dollars available in the pot trade into the collapsed Jamaican economy may genuinely appeal to him. On the other hand, he has readily admitted his country is bankrupt and desperately needs to attract foreign investments. But the success of his program is contingent on placating Western creditors and mending strained relations with the United States. He seems to be telling conservative politicians and financiers, in effect, "If you don't want us to legalize the herb, send development money."

Jamaica is now a textbook case for economic desperation, and its biggest cash crop is ganja. Despite the fact that it is illegal and untaxable it remains one of the few reliable sources of income for a progressively larger segment of the population. Tourism, the island's other main means of absorbing foreign money, has been taking a severe beating because of the siege of violence that began well before the election and shows no sign of abating completely. If Seaga were to launch an official campaign against the pot economy, he would no doubt only escalate the sporadic but chronic violence into guerrilla warfare.

Moreover, crucial military and police officials in Jamaica have been bought off by the smugglers and exporters, who are more able to pay than the government. And Jamaica does not have and cannot afford a sophisticated radar system, which would be required to monitor the traffic of smuggling planes to and from the island's numerous secluded airstrips.

So the new prime minister, who has lately described his country as an economic "basket case," really has only two choices: He can leave ganja alone and make hollow pronouncements against it for the benefit of foreign financial interests, or he can try to find a means of increasing the Jamaican share of the marijuana money and incorporating it into the legitimate economy.

"This is an area that requires a lot of study," Seaga told a *Chicago Tribune* correspondent. "It is both an economic and a moral issue. The economics of it are very clear. The morality isn't.

"It is a moral question of use and it is also a moral question of the bribery that

goes on at present because ganja is not legalized. But then there is the morality of economic survival.

"The ganja trade involved, some say, \$400 million a year that isn't passing through the Jamaican economy. To the extent that it isn't it is depriving us of vital raw materials, medicine, food stuffs, et cetera. But it is not legal because of moral objections."

Given the choice between American moral prejudices against getting high and the morality of rescuing his own country from starvation, it would seem that Seaga's decision would virtually be made for him. But, in his quest for aid and international investment he is courting American corporate types and members of the new Reagan administration, who, it can be assumed, privately disapprove of legitimizing pot commerce. With Seaga presenting himself as a member of their club, his public meditations on the value of

marijuana to his country's economy may successfully dramatize Jamaica's need for a swift infusion of funds.

For its very survival, Seaga has said Jamaica needs "sharp injections of assistance. That assistance," he added, "can only come in small part from foreign-aid programs. The bulk of it must come from opening the channels of joint-venture investments, especially for our products that will be exported to the United States." It wasn't clear whether Seaga was ready to accept joint-venture capital for the growing of the major export crop, marijuana.

Meanwhile, just across the Caribbean in Colombia, the issue of legalization is also being seriously debated, and, should that nation suddenly sanction the marijuana business, Jamaica could find itself high and dry, deserted by smugglers who might prefer to operate in a slightly safer and more hospitable environment.



Jamaican prime minister Edward Seaga discusses the ins and outs of legalizing his country's most valuable export crop.

Alon Reininger/Contact

LABSCAM

The Drug Enforcement Administration has been supplying the chemicals and equipment necessary to start up and supply the black-market laboratories they are commissioned to destroy. They recruit would-be chemists to buy raw materials; they deliver the supplies themselves; they allow the carefully cultivated labs to pump out and sell batches of amphetamines, LSD, methaqualone and other bathtub concoctions. Finally, they bust the labs—labs that virtually could not exist without their participation.

"Law enforcement" like this is bad theater. The DEA builds the stage, supplies costumes, props and scripts and then arrests the actors. Labscam—the kind of DEA manipulation exemplified in the Buckeye case—is the grossest form of entrapment and an outrageous abuse of tax

dollars. Meanwhile, heroin floods the streets while even the DEA estimates it can confiscate only about 5 percent of what enters the country.

But DEA corruption has been extensively documented in *HIGH TIMES*' pages and is well known even in law-enforcement and intelligence circles. Its corruption and constant abuse of human rights are endemic to the unparalleled international authority the agency enjoys. The holy war against the drug trade has shredded the Constitution. A string of overzealous federal court decisions has permitted the DEA to participate in every level of drug smuggling and distribution. Men on civil-service salaries are authorized to import million-dollar shipments of drugs in order to bust the people who might want to distribute them. This kind of public policy

carries corruption in its genes.

The exposure of Buckeye and other chemical companies, now being uncovered in *HIGH TIMES*' ongoing investigation, comes at a time when top Customs officials have been lobbying for the total reorganization or abolishment of the DEA—all because, they say, the DEA has become so corrupt and inept as to perform no valid public function. This may be the only time you'll find us backing U.S. Customs.

That Buckeye and other DEA snitches have advertised their set-up scams in *HIGH TIMES* has brought an embarrassment the magazine will not soon live down. But we'll be working hard to make up for it and expose the DEA's abuse of the public trust. If you have any information on any Labscam-related corruption, let us know about it.

THE BUCKEYE SCAM AND HOW IT WORKED

continued from page 19

It must be difficult for the DEA to say good-bye to its little pet in Ohio; it's brought them so many arrests.

Never mind that it has also been a conduit to the streets for substantial quantities of drugs, mostly amphetamines—the stuff you can really mess yourself up with.

Official stories of Hall's death were extremely suspect at first, only because they seemed too simple. Columbus police had jailed a man they said had killed him in an attempted robbery. The accused murderer insisted that Hall had called him "a nigger," thereby provoking a fight in which he threw only a few blows before the president of Buckeye collapsed and died. It seemed more likely that the mastermind of the DEA-subsidized scam had been the object of a bona fide hit. After all, a lot of people had probably longed to see him dead. He had manipulated dozens of gullible victims into the arms of authorities after taking their money, and he had

cheated the DEA by manufacturing drugs, both real and bogus, on the sly.

And when Hall turned up dead, the DEA never informed local authorities of his devious connections. Local police and prosecutors in the murder case all expressed surprise when *HIGH TIMES* inquired about possible connections between the killings and Hall's work as a snitch.

But the mystery surrounding his death evaporated with the completion of a coroner's autopsy. Pathologists determined that the deceased had not received what would ordinarily be considered lethal blows, but, due to head injuries suffered in an automobile accident years before, combined with metabolic problems created by his alcoholism, he had hemorrhaged and died in the course of the fight. The accused man had apparently been telling the truth and charges were dropped.

So much for the Richard Hall "murder." What about the man and his branch? According to a person in whom he had

confided, the plan for Buckeye occurred to Hall when he was in prison several years ago serving time on a drug charge. An experienced bathtub chemist with a history of dealing with narcs, Hall imagined that he could "walk a fine line between the people and the DEA, just by using them against each other."

"He planned all this, the DEA's involvement and everything," said the former acquaintance. "It just worked out better than he thought." The guiding principle, Hall had once said, was to "obey all the small laws, tear apart the big ones, plus play games with the DEA to keep them off my back."

The operation was elegantly dishonest and embarrassingly lucrative. Hall took his profits from three sources: payments for chemicals from customers who were being set up to be busted, subsidies from the DEA, and income from drugs he manufactured on the side, using chemicals purchased with special approval from the

**"He planned all this, the DEA's involvement and everything," said the former acquaintance.
"It just worked out better than he thought."**

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DEA from legitimate manufacturers and importers.

When Buckeye opened out of his apartment in 1978, it was, loosely speaking, a legitimate business. Hall took out ads in *HIGH TIMES* and other publications, sold what chemicals he could get his hands on, and offered sincere advice on how to circumvent the law. But even then, the Ohio entrepreneur knew the DEA would one day come knocking on his door. In anticipation of that day, he kept tapes of all telephone conversations and records of his contacts. When the narcs finally did show up to inquire about his activities, Hall was ready to offer them a package: a continuous flow of information about his customers and full access to his tapes and other records in exchange for the right to continue cashing in on the suckers who kept calling.

The deal was tailor made for the federal narcs. Buckeye had a short but reliable record as a source of drug ingredients and information. It was beginning to build an underground reputation and would be an easy means of stacking up arrest statistics (the sort of thing you need to satisfy the higher-ups and keep the federal appropriations coming). Plus Buckeye had the advantage of not being directly controlled by the DEA itself. If the DEA kept the extent of its dealings with Buckeye fairly quiet, the victims of the sting would not be able to defend themselves in court on the basis of entrapment or government misconduct.

Out of excessive trust, simple stupidity, or fear of losing their legal distance from the "independent" sting, the DEA agents—people like Jesse Back and Lionel Stewart of the Cincinnati office, who were Hall's contacts—never took control of Buckeye's inventory. Stocks of chemicals were stored randomly in the company's Columbus warehouse, and members of Hall's small staff retrieved them from memory when assembling shipments. The absence of any recognizable system meant that visiting DEA narcs, who dropped by about twice a week, could get no clear idea of what was in stock.

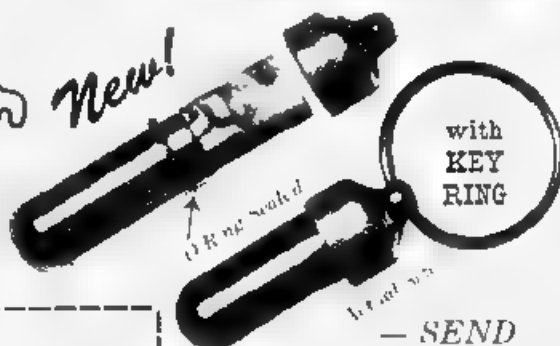
But the looseness of the business was apparently of little concern to the DEA, probably because Buckeye was so productive of raw information and easy busts. Hall sent off regular reports listing virtually everyone he did business with, along with helpful notes on what he had learned or could deduce about his customers through their telephone calls and letters. With the DEA's financial assistance, Buckeye eventually even acquired a computer for the purpose of linking together by zip code customers who might try to avoid suspicion by having shipments of various drug ingredients sent to different addresses. Even those who only ordered the Buckeye catalog were reported to the DEA. One man who had been temporarily employed by Hall told *HIGH TIMES*, "If you called Buckeye, it was just like calling the DEA."

The Drug Enforcement gang participated directly in Buckeye's distribution process. Many chemical shipments were dispatched to the Cincinnati DEA office to be properly outfitted with beepers and catalogued for tracing before they were

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sent to the customers. Employees at Buckeye would simply package a shipment, address it to the person who had ordered it, and then rebox it, routing the outer box to the DEA. The narcs would examine and record its contents and then send it on. Sometimes they would even deliver it themselves disguised as delivery workers.

Out of all the evidence... one thing seems clear: The DEA had its fingers in Buckeye up to the elbows.

Buckeye's business was greatly facilitated when the DEA began okaying shipments of closely watched and almost unobtainable chemicals. Prime among these were phenylacetone (P-2-P), the crucial precursor for methamphetamine, and ergotamine tartrate, the base ingredient for LSD. P-2-P became a Schedule II controlled substance on February 11, 1980, but before that, Hall had received, he claimed, the last 55-gallon drum of it to be sold in the United States. The immediate result was a last-minute selling spree for Buckeye and a bonanza of busts for the DEA.

HIGH TIMES has been contacted by several defendants in cases that arose out of Buckeye's February 11 fire sale of P-2-P. All claim that they could never have acquired any of their necessary precursors without dealing with Buckeye or other chemical firms known to work closely with the DEA. Legitimate, nonsting chemical firms, they say, follow federally prescribed procedures closely. It is only companies like Buckeye, who present themselves as means of circumventing the DEA, who will sell them any exotics at all, and Buckeye and its clones invariably turn out to be stings. This would imply that there are already effective controls on the availability of precursor chemicals, and these elaborate traps for potential get-rich-quick chemists serve only to fatten the arrest records of the federal narcs.

This suggests, in fact, that operations like Buckeye serve not to reduce, but to increase, the supply of drugs on the street. One source, who knew the mechanics of Hall's arrangement with the DEA, estimated that only about 75 percent of those who bought precursors from Buckeye were ultimately busted. This leaves 25 percent who apparently managed to make their drugs and sell them—25 percent who would never have been able to buy the chemicals in the first place without the help of the DEA.

How were these clever devils able to avoid getting busted? An informed party put it this way: "They were just good. They outsmarted 'em. I couldn't tell you what they did. If I knew, they probably wouldn't have got away. I guess they just had the DEA looking somewhere else when they were doing it."

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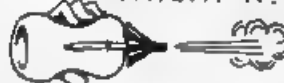
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mainly amphetamines, managed to hit the streets under DEA subsidy was through Hall's own bootleg drug business. Buckeye's proprietor was a devoted weekend speed freak who liked to stay cranked to the gills Friday through Sunday, and he had little or no trouble keeping himself supplied, since he'd been cooking up his

These elaborate traps for potential get-rich-quick chemists serve only to fatten the arrest records of the federal narcs.

own hustle powder for at least ten years. The DEA, some of his friends believed, was confident that the money he was making off his customers and the monthly subsidy they paid him (sometimes thousands of dollars) was enough to keep him out of dealing. But Hall quietly stewed up batch after batch of meth with his DEA-sponsored warehouse of chemicals and sold them to street dealers.

It was Hall's, and his pals' penchant for drugs, in part, that made Buckeye such a successful sting. Hall and his friends were in the habit of "getting fried," as one source put it, with chemical buyers who came to Columbus to negotiate purchases. "That made them look real good," explained the HIGH TIMES informant. "The DEA don't sit there and snort coke and blow grass with you."

Naturally, since Hall spent his professional time conning such disreputable elements as the DEA and California Hell's Angels, he was a little paranoid most of the time. Fearing that he might be hunted by ungrateful people, he had master hot-rod mechanics build him the ultimate get-away car, a nitrous-injected Dodge Charger that could launch itself from 100 to 160 miles per hour at the push of a button—a handy toy for someone who's doing a number on almost everyone he meets.

But there were even more reasons for Hall to fear for his life: Though he cooked up righteous amphetamines and sold them on the Ohio market, he was also aware of the money to be made in dealing cocaine. Lacking good connections with South American importers, he wasn't above mixing ephedrine sulphate (a mild, legal stimulant) with a little lidocaine (an anesthetic), pressing the result into nice, white rocks and selling it as coke.

Hall occasionally felt a compulsion to brag about his scams to friends who he felt could be trusted. He proudly told confidants, for instance, that, by August, he had cleared more than \$400,000 in 1980 through legal and illegal means. He also claimed that the DEA sometimes returned P-2-P to him for resale after it had been used as evidence to gain convictions against Buckeye customers.

He also enjoyed relating how DEA agents would drop by to show him photographs of the labs that had been busted through Buckeye's machinations. He

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took particular delight in this, sources say, because it allowed him to observe the techniques and equipment used by other bootleg synthesizers and compare them with his own.

Hall is said to have boasted that Buckeye was nationally the DEA's most successful sting operation, that at its peak, in January and February of 1980, it was bringing in 14 illicit labs a month for its federal sponsors. It is by no means clear, however, given the extensive authority of the DEA and the Food and Drug Administration to monitor all manufacture, importation and distribution of potential drug precursors, that any of these labs would have been able to launch their operations in the first place without the DEA conspiring, through Buckeye, to set them up.

A California case involving ex-members of the Hell's Angels illustrates the extent of Buckeye's cooperation with the DEA: An outline of the federal "investigation" is contained in an affidavit filed by Richard Camps, a California DEA special agent, in support of federal conspiracy charges.

According to the affidavit, agent Camps was contacted by Cincinnati agent Jesse Back on May 6, 1980, with information that Buckeye had received an order for amphetamine ingredients from a Modesto, California, man. Advance payment for the order had been received at Columbus in late February.

When the shipment was to be picked up on April 16, a "Buckeye Scientific representative" delivered it to a Holiday Inn, where it was transferred to a van rented by the man who was picking it up. All this was observed by the DEA, as was the loading of the order onto a small plane at a private airport. Camps also testifies in the affidavit that some information used in locating the destination of the chemicals in San Jose was drawn from conversations between the man who picked up the shipment and the "Buckeye representative," presumably Richard Hall.

A little over two months later, on June 23, Camps claims in his affidavit, he was notified of another shipment that was to be picked up the next day by the same people. When this order was accepted in Columbus, it contained a beeper, or transmitter, concealed in a drum of phenylacetic acid. What Camps does not say in his affidavit is that several days or weeks earlier, this drum had to have been completely rebuilt by the DEA in Cincinnati to hold the beeper—an operation that required extensive cooperation between Buckeye and the DEA.

The car carrying the shipment was then followed by plane and "ground surveillance" as far as Bowling Green, Kentucky, where, despite all their high-technology gear, the DEA lost track of the car. Later, also using sophisticated radio tracking devices, Camps says, they found the clandestine lab in Watsonville, California, and a raid was conducted.

It is not clear why the DEA made no bust after the first shipment, unless they wanted to allow plenty of time for the lab to begin operating. The drugs manufactured from the chemicals in the first shipment had presumably been sold on the

continued on page 30

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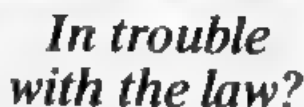
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A glut of sinsemilla is moving across the country from the fall harvest, throwing the pot market into chaos and giving the consumer what looks like the edge for the next few months. As uniformly predicted by growers, cops, smokers and futures traders, this year's sinse crop was geometrically larger than last year's; the same will be true next year.

The big news is the wide disbursement of growing centers. As always California

leads the pack, though this year a lot of the action was in the southern part of the state. Many growers up north have turned to greenhouses, some of them astorushingly sophisticated, with CO₂ tanks and humidifiers hissing up the air, turning out \$50,000 crops. An Afghan strain grown in a greenhouse like this was bringing \$235 an ounce, \$2,500 a pound in New York. Except for the blue-ribbon grades, though, prices are down. An ounce of quality Asian-bred California sinse is about \$140 to \$175 a Z, down \$25 or more from a couple of years ago. Further, the domestic glut comes simultaneously with an unusually fruitful Colombian harvest. Squeezed between the California wave and its own plentitude, Colombo pounds plummeted from \$575 to \$375 virtually overnight. Dealers all across the country who had bought Colombian heavily at the end of the fall drought now found their pot overpriced.

But there has also been sunn on the market from New Mexico, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, West Virginia, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York and even way up north in Vermont. The Vermont sunn is indistinguishable from some of the California varieties, priced at \$1,200 to \$1,500 a pound. Arkansas is second to California, with at least a half-dozen varieties reaching the national market. The earliest of these, big sticky buds with seeds the size of popping corn, sold for two grand an elbow. With its warmer growing season and remote, hilly areas, it wouldn't be surprising to see Arkansas some day replace California as the number one growing state.

Covering All the Bases are pot dealers who are stocking up on rolling papers and other smoking paraphernalia. They are eyeing a possible shortage in the near future as antidope forces intensify their drive to shut down headshops. No one fears that rolling papers will completely disappear, but it is quite possible that the wide assortment of brands now available

may dwindle to only a few. Connoisseurs' favorites like Club and Abbie are the ones speculators favor, and, of course, Bambu. It's Not from Battle Creek... but Special K, as Ketamine has been tagged, is getting as popular as Cheerios. It's been kicking around for several years but has never really caught on, owing to its reputation for producing an angel dust-type high. A gram of it goes for around \$50 to \$75 and it looks like cocaine. It's a great ringer to spring at parties, some say, kind of like dropping acid in the Jack Daniels or sprinkling a little DMT on the seedy Mexican weed that's been putting everybody to sleep. A synthetic anesthetic used in the Vietnam War, it came to public attention when Tim Leary got caught with some a couple of years ago, the cops thinking at first it was blow. It seems indigenous to California, but of late it has been popping up in other major burgs around the country as well.

Pilot's Advisory: No, you can't fill floats on seaplanes with pot. Every time the subject of seaplane smuggling comes up someone asks this question, whether the long, troughlike pontoons could somehow be filled with pot. A seasoned smuggler explained why not: "There are riveted bulkheads every twelve inches. Those floats are put together like safes to withstand the landing shock."

Dead Heads bought more than 5,000 hits of acid during the Grateful Dead's Big Apple gigs. Street vendors were selling blotter by the sheet to concertgoers waiting for tickets during the two-night encampment. They bought before the shows, they bought during and after. Big seller was Blue Unicorn.

Yeah, But Can It Fly? This is the time of year to be on the lookout for fool's gold. What this is, one source tells us, is Colombian pot that wasn't harvested from the early harvest but instead was left to die in the field of old age. This is where the yellow comes from. Still, every year it makes the rounds, starting out at about \$500 a pound and ends up maybe \$50 a pound. True fool's gold is not just weak, off-color Colombian, but a particularly vile-tasting, impotent poseur. Pray you don't score some.

Flash. As we go to press, word comes from the street market that, as predicted, the sinse glut has begun to force prices downward. Early sinse that a fortnight ago were more than \$1,500 a "B" are now selling for less than a grand; primo grades are battling it out at around the two-thousand-a-pound mark with many dealers afraid to ask for more—customers need just wait a few more minutes and another dealer will call with a better price. The increased activity has also driven the price of Thai down; loose buds are now around \$1,200 an elbow, even less if you're a quantity buyer.

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Domestic grass	improving by leaps and bounds	oz	30-40
Queensland "border" sticks	koala bear buds	lb	350-550
Mukumbinby madness	uncultivated but cute	oz	12-16
Colombian pot	hardly any	oz	900
Thai sticks	super but sparse	oz	5-25
New Zealand homegrown	aboriginal blend	oz	40-100
Puffy hash	adulterated Lebanese	oz	75-225
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz	800-300
Indian hash oil	at times primo	oz	15-20
Mushrooms	grown from kits or natural	oz	1000-1200
LSD	Korean tiles	oz	75
Mendraz	ludes for lovers	oz	600-750
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	oz	210-250

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	leafy but tasty	oz	55-75
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	oz	800-800
Hawaiian buds	alohe	oz	100-150
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	oz	1000-1200
Mexican tops	In season	oz	325-350
California sinsemilla	available to many	oz	2800-3600
Homegrown pot	some shit, some shinoia	oz	80-130
Hash	red and blond Leb	oz	700-1000
LSD	your choice	oz	50-85
Mendraz	Brian Jones's favorite	oz	450-650
Cocaine	look out for Bigfoot	oz	200-275

COLOMBIA

Santa Merta golds reds	any day now	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	buy the plantation	oz	50-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	100-225

DENMARK

Imported weed	commie bomb	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	passable	oz	1250-3750
Lebanese hash	conventional & choice	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top barana	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly not that much	oz	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	200
Cocaine base	lots of lines	oz	8-30
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	oz	2-4

ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	down to a trickie	oz	750-1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	great, rare	oz	850-1200
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz	10
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	110-130

Black Kashmir hash

Moroccan hash

Paki black hash

Nepal temple bell hash

Hash oil

LSD

Cocaine

Mendraz

African pot

Colombian pot

Moroccan hash

Lebanese hash

Lebanese kif

LSD

Speed

Cocaine

Colombian pot

Philippine pot

Homegrown

Thai sticks

Buddha sticks

Hokkaido sticks

Philippine hash

Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

Lebanese hash

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Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

Lebanese hash

LSD

Mushrooms

Opium

Cocaine

Speed

high tide

cheaper than ever

extraordinary

world's finest

palpable, palatable

considerable of a

scarce but there

limey ludes

FRANCE

dominates weed market

extremely rare

several flavors

fresh and fragrant

known as

zero-zero

pyramids, red stars, dots, biols

hot on the punk scene

and long Parisian nights

JAPAN

scarce, feeble

expanding market

around, not bad

fresh and pungent

rarity, superb

handsome but dumb

superstar

they love it here

British imports

greenhouse excellent

huh?

advanced Japanese model

MEXICO

by the bronco-ful

much pollinated

kick-ass fume

muchos pesos

when around

don't be a chump

searching for a market

THAILAND

intoxicating sticks

potency varies

hot new rising star

USA

old faithful

bribe guest

appearance

manana

low seed count

pretty

respectable

holding steady

unexplainable

tail shortage

needless

packaging costs

foot-long buds

smokes like

rubber bands

priced out of the market

excellent head

his season

ubiquitous

watch for

imposters

short reign

Paki hash

Hash oils

Polioybin mushrooms

Payola

LSD

Cocaine

Methaqualone

MBA

Crosses and black beads

PCP

Opium

Domestic Sinsemilla

Humboldt county

Indicus red hair

Dago Pogo

Arkansas razor buds

New York hydro-pot

Bluebird (origin unknown)

Afghani

Alaska

Commercial Colombian

Cannoleseur Colombian

Domestic weed

Mexican weed

Hawaiian

Mainland sinsemilla

Lebanese hash

Hash oil

Cocaine

Methaqualone

White cross

Hawaii

Puna buds

Kona gold

Mauna Loa

Maul woria

LSD

Mushrooms

Cocaine

Amphetamine

Thai weed

Colombian pot

Moroccan hash

Lebanese hash

Afghani hash

Marijuana (India)

LSD

Mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"

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U.S. air express

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red and yellow

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gold-medal winner

mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THM is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

The Bestselling

MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE

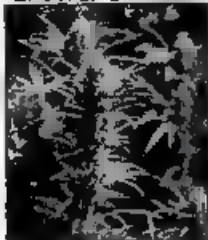
Marijuana Grower's Guide by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal is the most advanced, most complete guide to growing. For the smallest or largest scale grower. Sections on indoor and outdoor cultivation, breeding, grafting, sinsemilla, drying, curing and Cannabis botany and chemistry tell you everything you need to know to grow crop after crop of primo pot indoors or out. Contains 350 pages, introduction by Keith Sirup, a dramatic 16-page color section and over 150 b/w photos. Discloses secrets of master grass farmers. Detailed instructions for supplying and curing a constant flow of superior quality smoke. **\$9.95**

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MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



ANATOMY OF A STING

continued from page 27

street in California before the bust was ultimately made.

In this California case—Buckeye snagged a few others in that state—and in

But Hall quietly stewed up batch after batch of meth with his DEA-sponsored warehouse of chemicals...

another in New York City, Hall's sting and the DEA contributed to the drug-manufacturing conspiracy. Hall, the California defendants say, sent them recipes to help produce a maximum amphetamine yield. And in setting up the New York bust, Hall introduced the amateur lab operator to a DEA chemist who then gave advice on streamlining speed production and even inspected the lab.

All this is interesting in the light of the DEA's own directives for dealing with the illegal activity of its informants. Hall, in these operations and in several others, clearly conspired with his customers to manufacture controlled substances. The DEA agents' manual says plainly:

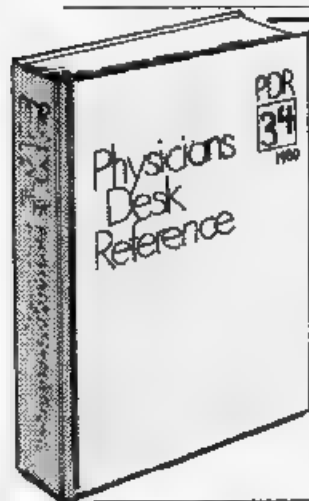
"DEA shall instruct all informants that they shall not violate criminal law in furtherance of gathering information or providing other services for DEA, and that any evidence of such violation will be reported to the concerned law enforcement authority."

Also: "Whenever DEA has reason to believe that an informant has committed a serious criminal offense the appropriate law enforcement agency shall be advised by DEA, and the appropriate United States attorney shall be notified."

Out of all the evidence *HIGH TIMES* has been able to accumulate—and more information on the sting is arriving almost daily—one thing seems clear: The DEA has had its fingers in Buckeye up to the elbows. In addition, it seems obvious that the DEA was willing to allow Hall and Buckeye to indulge unfettered in extensive illegal activity, and it allowed loads of drugs, particularly amphetamines, to reach the streets in order to pad its own arrest statistics.

When Hall, in the last weeks of his life, was trying to negotiate with *HIGH TIMES* to continue running his ads, his lawyer, David W. Douglas, wrote publisher Andy Kowl to say: "In an era where rip-off chemical suppliers are a dime a dozen, Buckeye stands alone in both reliability and quality of its products. Because of its great track record and complete lack of any governmental or otherwise unsavory contacts, I would appreciate your reconsideration of the decision to terminate Buckeye's advertising contract."

HIGH TIMES staffers agreed it was an interesting testimonial.



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Formerly Dr. Hip.

coke and stroke...
flash on flashbacks...
mother's milk...

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I use cocaine on occasion. But my boyfriend insists coke in any amount can cause stroke and sudden death—even if you've done it before with no adverse side effects. How much coke does it take to cause a stroke? My boyfriend's sworn off, and I'm waiting for your answer.

—Breathless in Boston

Dear Breathless:

High blood pressure causes stroke, and cocaine definitely raises blood pressure. So, if you have high blood pressure, coke can only aggravate a potentially serious health problem. There isn't much hard clinical evidence as to how much coke it takes to cause a significant rise in blood pressure. Used as a topical anesthetic, coke can cause extremely adverse effects (including death) in some sensitive people, probably through its effect on the central nervous system. Lethal doses have been clinically established in animals, but I've never seen a study in which a control group was asked to snort to the point of death. There have, however, been mighty few or no deaths induced by recreational snorting.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I seemed to be having the best times of my life three or four months ago. But then I ate a hit of acid. Me and another friend ate one hit each and went to a party. I really freaked out and couldn't comprehend what was going on. I didn't know what to say or what to do so I slipped out of the party, walked two miles to my home and went to sleep.

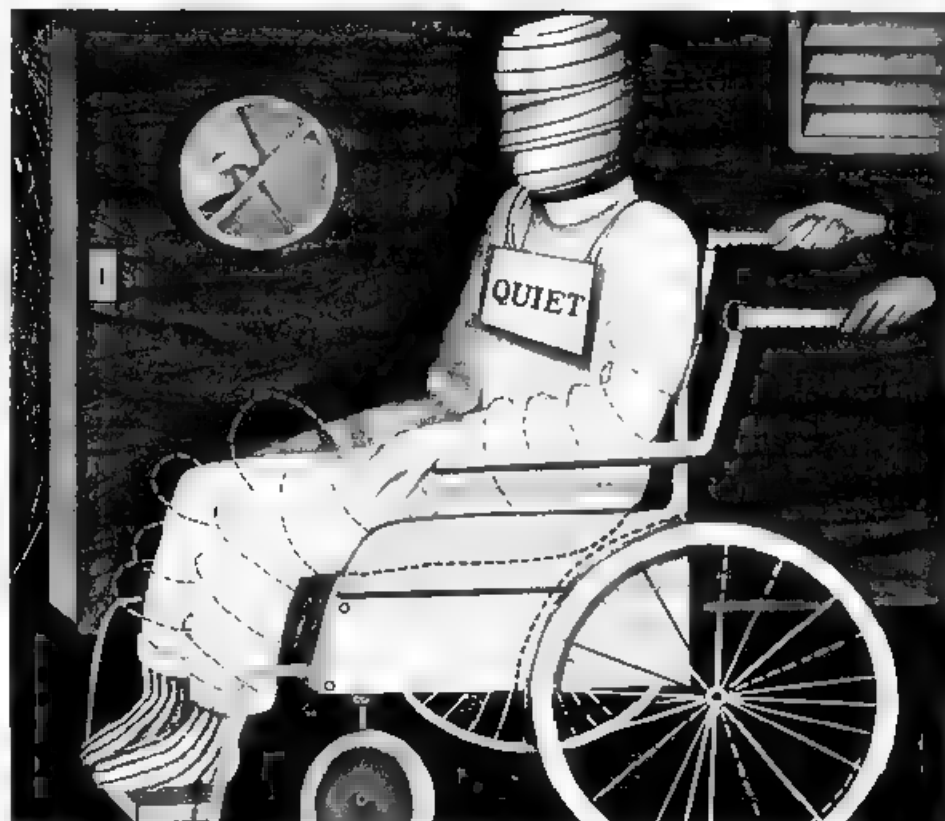
Ever since that night, I haven't been the same. Eighty percent of the time I'm okay, but the rest of the time is weird. It happens usually when I get high on pot (but not every time) and it also happens sometimes when I'm perfectly straight. It's like a continuous acid trip though I have not touched that shit since.

What is my problem? Why does it happen? I had done acid two times before without this stupid annoying aftereffect.

—R.T., Marblehead, Mass.

Dear R.T.

You've described a classic case of acid flashback, a recurrence of the LSD experience long after the drug has worn off. (It figures that the revival of interest



in LSD would trigger a slew of flashback inquiries.) Some people have taken LSD hundreds of times and never experienced an acid flashback. Others have flashbacks after only one acid trip. Even if the original experience was pleasurable, as most LSD trips are, flashbacks are unpleasant because they are unplanned and unexpected. Since your flashbacks usually occur when you are high on marijuana, you should stop smoking pot. You should also get a prescription for a tranquilizer such as Valium (diazepam) and carry a few with you at all times. Ten milligrams of Valium should alleviate the flashback symptoms; if not, take ten more. But don't mix Valium or other tranquilizers with alcohol or other drugs. Flashbacks are often triggered by psychological stress. Learn some methods of relieving stress—yoga, a meditation technique or biofeedback. As you relax your mind, the flashbacks should occur less frequently, then disappear.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

My husband and I have been smoking grass for about six years, quite frequently. We just

had our first child, a beautiful little boy, and I am breast-feeding him. We would like to know how fast both alcohol and grass reach the breast milk and how long they remain in the milk. Our pediatrician told us that anything taken by the mother affects the baby, but he neglected to mention how quickly and we would like to know.

—Cecilia H., Madison, Wisc.

Dear Cecilia:

Your pediatrician gave you some important advice. Both alcohol and marijuana enter breast milk rather quickly and will definitely affect a nursing baby. The nursing baby has no choice at all about what enters its body. One mother told me she didn't really want her baby stoned but couldn't face giving up marijuana. If you can't voluntarily give up using drugs, you have become a slave. I don't think there's any way you can drink alcohol or use grass without affecting a breast-feeding baby. □

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions! Write to him c/o HIGH TIMES, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

INTERVIEW: JOHNNY PAYCHECK, AMERICAN

"Hey buddy, hand me my guitar. No, not that one, the one over there." It's seven o'clock in the morning and we've been interviewing Johnny Paycheck now for the past five hours. In all that while he's managed to answer about four of our questions. The rest of the time he's spent jumping up and down, looking for cigarettes, talking long-distance to Merle Haggard in Bakersfield, California, and playing the guitar. He's even spent some time with his face pressed against the hotel's air conditioner. "Sometimes when I get hyper I just gotta suck on some good clean air, but Goddammit buddy, this here's the worst fuckin' machine I've ever come across. It's got absolutely no sucking power."

Paycheck is, of course, the guy who sings "Take This Job and Shove It," a song being sung by more people today than "Blowin' in the Wind," "We Shall Overcome" and "Gee, Peace a Chance" combined. "Nuff said. In New York City for a couple of dates at the Lone Star Cafe, it was a wired and inspired Shove It Man who welcomed us into his room at the Hilton, eager to give us a listen to the album he'd just finished doing with "The Hag" himself. We guess it must have been somewhere around 8:30 when he really began to answer questions, but whose questions they were we really can't say, we hope they were ours, but we can't remember anything past 7:30—and when we played back the tapes it all just sounded like a bunch of chipmunks

High Times: What was it like working with Haggard?

Paycheck: It's a seventeen-year dream.

The last of my dreams. Everything is complete now. Merle's the best songwriter-singer in the last hundred years, and that includes me. See, he's been my singer for seventeen years and I didn't get with him until a year and a half ago. We were two men that led almost identical lives, only three thousand miles apart. He was in San Quentin and I was in New Hampshire Federal. He had three wives, and I had three wives. He rode freights, I rode freights. He had his heart ripped out by a fucking broad and so did I. He wrote songs, I wrote songs. Everything was almost the same.

High Times: How did you meet each other?

Paycheck: Well, I'd worshiped the guy but I could never bow low enough to go up and approach him. It had to be a mutual thing. Anyway, one day I was checking into this hotel in Nashville and I got room 302 and the clerk says, "Oh, Mr. Haggard's in room 305." And I was in just the right mood—I'd waited long enough—so I walked down there and boom, boom, boom. Merle said, "Who is it?" I said, "It's Paycheck. Get this door off the hinges." And fucking Haggard will scrap you in a minute, buddy, he's a man. When I was waiting for him to open I said, "Oh, boy, I love this guy. Hope this ain't a mistake."

High Times: Were you sober?

Paycheck: Are you kidding? But I was waiting seventeen years for that feller, I'd had enough. So I told him since I loved him so much it was time we got our shit straight, one way or the other. And he

BY LARRY SLOMAN AND GEORGE BARKIN





said, "C'mon in, let me turn the light on." Then about a year later I told him I wanted to do an album of his songs, give him a tribute while he was still living. And he said we should do it together. And I said, "Merle, I was hoping you'd say that." Hag's just like me, he's been kicked in his ass all his life. And every time he tried to like somebody, they'd fuck him around. But he can't talk about it—he's sort of introverted. Me, I go and kick the fucking windows out, but ol' Hag he writes about it. But it still hurts the same. I asked him, I said, "Will you let me help you?" I told him I'd take him in and introduce him to the good people of America, the young people. The kids will love him. So with this I've completed everything I'd set out to do. Ain't that a wonderful thing?

High Times: What were the other goals?

Paycheck: When I was six I had this box full of dreams. I wanted to be a big star. Wear the rhinestone suits and boots to match. When I was eight, I wanted buses. Now I got my own Learjet.

High Times: Where did you grow up?

Paycheck: I was born on the Ohio River. In the mud. On the banks. Not by it, on it—you people get that confused. I was raised there till I was six years old. Didn't wear shoes till I went to school. I wore wrappers my grandma made for me. My dad said, "Why you gonna buy him shoes, he ain't going no fucking where? He don't need no shoes." He was right. When I was fifteen I caught me a freight train. My daddy beat the shit out of me. He taught me to say "Yes sir" and "No sir" and "Yes mahm" but after the first ride he brought me back home. So I went out the window again. He was standing over there in the corner and he said, "Wait a minute, I'm not gonna hit you again—it won't do no good. If I put you back in your room, you're gonna climb out again." I said "Yessir," and he said, "Well, c'mon, I'll walk you down." So he walked me down to the freight yard. This

**"I don't go to fancy
shittin' places.
They're full of pricks
and phony bastards."**

was after we moved to Greenfield, Ohio. He told me three things. Walk soft and carry a great big stick and watch out for things that go boom in the night. And he said to listen the first half of your life and that'll qualify you to talk the second. And also if you gotta tell them it don't count, it only counts when they tell you. And that's the line I've followed through life. 'Cause I didn't listen at first and I got my jaw busted from talking.

High Times: You're qualified to talk now.

Paycheck: All my life I wanted this and it didn't come till I was forty-three. But the point is it came. You know, when I hit forty, I began to think, by golly, maybe I won't make it. And I talked to my God—yeah, me and my Lord talk a little bit every day, but that's just between me and him. When I walk that valley it's just gonna be between me and him. That's the way I live. I don't believe in those churches and all that bullshit. Anyways, I get to thinking maybe I wasn't gonna make it. But always back inside I thought, He won't let me dedicate my whole life and not let me realize the sunshine of it, right? Well, he didn't.

High Times: Did that realization at forty get you real down?

Paycheck: I was down before that. All my life I made mistakes but there would always be somebody around to pick me up. I became a junkie in L.A. for two and a half years once and I didn't talk to my

Lord all that time. I was ashamed, if you want to know the truth.

High Times: Did you grow up in a religious home?

Paycheck: Not really. I was taught right. But you see, I'm in America. I'm in the trenches with the people constantly because I'm not a star. I'm an old red-necked beer drinker that got lucky and got a hit record. That the people backed. I don't need *Billboard* and all that bullshit. When you got the people you don't need none of that shit.

High Times: How did the "Take This Job and Shove It" song come about?

Paycheck: David Allen Coe wrote the song and brought it to me. There were a couple of records of it out before but it wasn't done right. And I was doing my version with Billy Sherrill producing and we did one take and Billy said, "Look, you're doing great, but if you're gonna tell the world to stick it in their ass, tell them to stick it. Sing it." I said, "Gorcha," and the first take after that, TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT, just belting it out, we did it.

High Times: You made it into an anthem.

Paycheck: The week I put that out there were five hundred and forty-two strikes, the most in the history of America. I mean, it was like we planned it.

High Times: You have guys in three-piece suits shouting with you, too, right next to guys who work on assembly lines.

Paycheck: They're working men even if they're in an office. They still got a vice-president and a man with big fuzzy nuts above that. They can only bluff so far, then when you get down to the reality they're right in the mud with everybody else 'cause that's where they came from. Young kids sing my song, right alongside old ladies.

High Times: Do you see yourself in some great tradition? I mean, I remember being in a room with you and Jerry Jeff Walker and you were swapping stories

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This was the way it started. Before the double wide rolling papers and spill proof water pipes and ceramic bongos and gongs and thangs, it was the musicians who took up the weed we call marijuana and embraced it as theirs faster than you could say "Hi Dee Hi." Back then in depression-bound America, they called it "reefer" or "muggles" or "Mary Jane" or, in honor of the great reed man and an even greater righteous reefer distributor, "The Mighty Mezz."

For the jazz cats, reefer itself was righteous. Listen to Mezz Mezzrow from his autobiography "Really the Blues": To us a muggle wasn't any more dangerous or habit-forming than those other great American vices, the five-cent coke and the ice cream cone, only it gave you more kicks for your money...With my loaded horn I could take on all the fist-swinging, evil things in the world and bring them together in perfect harmony, spreading peace and joy and relaxation to all the keyed-up and punchy people everywhere.

So they became vipers—smokers of marijuana with their own way of walking, and talking and dressing. And the muggles made them mellow

and gone, not loud and aggressive like the cats who were still bottle-babies, slave to the demon alcohol. No, Mary Jane had entered the scene, turned everyone's head around, and now it was only natural that she'd sneak into the music too: *We members of the viper school were for making music that was real foxy, all lit up with inspiration and her mammy, the Mezz said. What's in your hand is what they laid down.*

All the classic reefer tunes are here. Louis Armstrong's *Muggles* was the anthem along with Mezz's own *Sending the Vipers*. *Viper's Drag* by the great Fats Waller is familiar to anyone who ever saw a cartoon. Don Redman's *Chant of the Weed* was also high on the all-time Reefer Top Ten.

Then there are the unreleased gems. Bea Foote's *Weed* and Frankie Half Pint Jackson's *Willie the Weeper*. For the blues fan check out Jazz Gillum's brilliant *Reefer Head Woman* especially if your old lady got really stoned and burnt dinner. And for the aficionados of the powder, there's *Cocaine* by Dick Justice and *Cocaine Blues* by Luke Jordan.

An historic anthology. Grass didn't spring full bloom out of the Sixties. These cats had been there and back before Grace Slick took her first aspirin. So kick off your shoes, settle back into that comfy chair, get the papers, and stock up on the Twinkies. 'Cause the mess is here. Hi Dee Hi Dee Ho.

Larry Sloman
Author of "Reefer Madness.
The History of Marijuana in
America," Bobbs-Merrill
April 1979



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The Mess Is Here/Cow Cow Davenport.
Pipe Dream Blues/Josie Mues.
Willie The Weeper/Frankie Jackson.
Cocaine Blues/Luke Jordan.
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Muggles/Louis Armstrong.
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Sweet Marijuana Brown/Barney Bigard.
Viper Mad/Sidney Bechet with Noble
Sissie's Swingers.
Weed Smokers Dream/Harlem Hamfats.
The "G" Man Got The "T" Man/P P
Johnson and Band.
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Twelve Clouds of Joy.
The Stuff Is Here/Georgia White.
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Friends.
Do You Dig My Jive/Sam Price and his
Texas Bachelors.
O' Man River/Cootie Williams and his
Rug Cutters.
Got A Need For You/Adrian and his
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A Viper's Moan/Willie Bryant.
Reefer Song/Fats Waller.
Jumple In A Julep Joint/Erskine
Hawkins and his Orchestra.
Chinatown, My Chinatown/Slim & Slam.
Minnie The Moocher/Cab Calloway and
his Cotton Club Orchestra.
Lotus Blossom/Julia Lee Boy Friends.
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about Hank Williams.

Paycheck: Hank Williams? Jerry Jeff was telling me the stories because I know Hank's story—the real one, you see—so I can't honor him like I do Merle. I don't think of him like the masses do, as an idol, as the best. He was a bad singer. I can take records and show you. He sung short and flat and when he'd write he'd write ideas, three or four pages of fucking verses and Fred Rose would take them, edit them down and put them in a song and give Hank the credit. Hank wasn't a writer like people think he was. So I can't honor him. I liked him and I just leave it at that.

High Times: Why do you think C&W music has become so popular? Only a few years ago only hillbillies were listening to it.

Paycheck: Simple. It was too hokey. But then Willie came along and somebody said, "God damn, you ought to hear Willie Nelson, man." The whole world listens to him now. The same with Waylon, the same thing with me. And we're not like the fads. This is music of America, what we do. And our fans, they're different, too. They'll be with us for life. Long as we treat them right. And love them. You spit on them and they'll kick you out.

High Times: Why do you keep them for life?

Paycheck: Well, because we're honest and true with them—I can't say that. Waylon isn't included in that. He will be, but he's going to have to earn it. Willie and me and Haggard. I told the *New York Times* there's only three good ones that I know of and Willie and Hag's the other two.


High Times: You guys weren't made by the record companies. Maybe that's why.

Paycheck: We were made by the American people. That's right. I'm glad you said that. We weren't made by no record companies. If anything, we was suppressed by them.

High Times: But isn't Merle straight country?

Paycheck: He's straight country only to the country stations. Bullshit. It's a bunch of goddamn shit and you can put that in your story. That's been the problem. The only reason why people haven't taken the time to listen is because the goddamn idiots in these fucking buildings that ain't got no windows in them, they stay inside with these fluorescent lights and their brain is fucked up or something. See, they're telling you about the American public and they never been out of Manhattan. Like I told Tom Snyder, when I go out to drink, I don't go to these fancy shuttin' places. They're all made of pricks and phony bastards. A dollar, that's all that matters to them. I go down to the bar where you got maybe a hundred guys in there, hard hats and good fucking men. That's America, brother.

I don't give a shit if you got a billion dollars—you only smoke one cigarette at a



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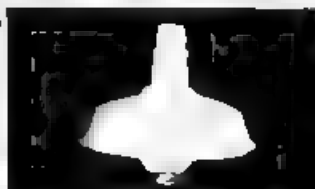


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FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE- Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.

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time, drive one car, and live in one house. It doesn't matter how much fucking money you got. This right here—I'm pointing to my heart, by the way—everybody's got one and the ones that count are the ones that use it. So the guy in Arkansas, if I hit him in the heart, I'll hit that son of a bitch up here in New York in the heart, too.

High Times: The critics have lately...

Paycheck: Critics? Who the fuck cares? One guy listens and tells the whole world that's bad. Who in the fuck ever heard of that? That's his opinion. Opinions are like assholes: Everybody's got one. Fuck them critics. You can tell 'em ol' John said Fuck 'em. Take their pens and stick 'em in their ass. Just stay out of the way and let the people decide. I don't need no fucking critics. No matter if they said I was bad or good, my people would still come and see me.

High Times: The irony is that all the critics jumped on your bandwagon.

Paycheck: I didn't ask for it, my friend. It wouldn't have mattered. They didn't make me. Fuck the critics.

High Times: What does it mean—

Willie's on the cover of *People* magazine?

Paycheck: It's a good time to give it to him, now. Why didn't they give it to him when he needed it? Because they wouldn't have pissed in his mouth if his teeth were on fire, that's why. The only time they use him is if they can better themselves and put fucking money in their pockets. Willie spent his whole fucking life and his blood and guts. It meant a hell of a lot more than that to him. Don't send me no fucking flowers when I'm gone. Send them now, while I can smell the motherfuckers.

High Times: Tell us about the hell-raising.

Paycheck: If you think I'm a crazy son of a bitch now you should've seen me in my twenties. Tasmanian Devil. I've slowed it way down. Down to three or four days at a time.

High Times: So what were you like in your twenties?

Paycheck: I was hard to handle. When I came out of the penitentiary, buddy, I was...

High Times: Wait a minute. How'd you get there?

Paycheck: I got in there for slugging Lieutenant JGL because I came on board ship drunk and I saluted him and he said, You got to salute the mast, and I said, It's three o'clock in the morning, there's no fucking flag up there. And he said, You got to salute it anyway, and I said, Your ass. And he grabbed me and I punched his ass out over the thing. We were in dry dock on a carrier and I thought, Oh boy, I killed him. So I run. Later I found out he landed in a net they had down there. I wound up with thirty-two counts and they give me eighteen years.

High Times: How old were you? Dad

you go to prison?

Paycheck: Seventeen. I went to prison. I was a poor sucker, I'd start fighting in hobo jungles when I was sixteen.

High Times: The what?

Paycheck: The hobo jungles.

Everybody taught me, see. Did well, too. Taught me to be an animal. I ain't kidding you. You know in the jungles, if you have a pair of shoes, you got to put them under your head, keep your socks on your feet because those motherfuckers didn't have any money'd cut your throat. Kill you for them. You talk about sleeping with one eye open. One eye open and a big whistle. Or something, I don't know. I was the toughest son of a bitch. I had to learn.

"I kicked heroin with a bit of pain. When it got real bad I'd scald myself with coffee."

High Times: So what was jail like? I can't see you staying in a fucking cell.

Paycheck: I was in solitary confinement nine, ah excuse me, thirteen weeks. On bread and water. I got into solitary when some marine tried to harass me and I hit that son of a bitch so hard, I broke both sides of his jaw about four places each. You know, he sucked soup through a straw and it taught him to keep his mouth shut. They put me in that hole and give me two weeks—fourteen days—to start with. When I got out a couple of them come and get me. They was his buddies. Well, before I could get up there, those guys started to beat me in the kidney with sticks. And I dropped both of them. Back in for three more weeks. I never did get out of the hole. When I come out the second time, the same thing—beating me up but I still took them, the son of a bitch, and they'd throw me back in again. Then it began to get to me and I said to myself, "I don't know if I can stand this." And something inside said, "Yes, you can, don't let them motherfuckers break you." You know how I did it? I played all day. I used to pull a button off my shirt and throw it. Then I'd hunt that son of a bitch for hours. On my hands and knees. And when I find it, I'd throw it again. For hours, kept myself occupied. And I made it. But, the last time they brought me out, they started the same shit and I just said, let's go—beat me up all you want, motherfuckers, I'm going to get out of this shit. And I got out.

Anyway, that's the kind of fucking guy I was. You look at me today—I don't know why in my late thirties all that hate turned into love. I got no axes, I love everybody. If they let me, you know. If they don't then I'll sidetrack them, if I can. I never

have anybody disrespectful to me, really. Nowhere in the United States since "Shove It." I go in the meanest fucking places you ever seen and they'd be getting ready to whip each other, but soon as they know I'm there—I'm the Shove It Man, the man that gave them a song to sing.

High Times: How'd you wind up in Florida?

Paycheck: It's a good place to raise my boy.

High Times: How old is he?

Paycheck: Four. He's a good kid. I took him to England. When he belches, I say, What do you say? He says, Excuse me, Dad. So he farts and I say, What do you say? And he says, I didn't belch.

High Times: Did you ever live in Nashville?

Paycheck: Fuck, no, that's the most plastic, phony fucking place in the world. It's a beautiful town, but I can't put up with them sons of bitches. I went there in 1960 and the first day I hit there me and that town didn't get along, and we never have. Know that? But, fuck them. I don't need them now. I got my business there. I record there. I got Billy Sherrill. That's all there is.

High Times: It wasn't any of the Nashville cats that made country music popular.

Paycheck: Nashville made country music.

High Times: No, I mean albums.

Paycheck: Let's get the difference between country music and what I call outlaw breed. Me and Waylon and Willie and Haggard are just a step out of the ordinary. We're the ones that set the pace. What the fuck's the Grand Ole Opry ever done? I mean, where they at? We're the ones that now are becoming worldwide, but we're the ones that've been suppressed most of our lives, just laying underneath. All of a sudden, when everybody's done run out of every fucking thing else, they decided to listen to us.

High Times: What kind of music did you listen to as a kid?

Paycheck: I listened to Hank Williams, George Jones. I never knew there was country music until somebody told me.

High Times: When did you become Paycheck?

Paycheck: 1963. I took the name from a prizefighter. Johnny Paycheck was a heavyweight. Louis just ruined him in the bum-of-the-month club they used to have. He was a good heavyweight till he got to Joe. I saw him fight, the animals. I saw that name—boy, what a name that is. Everybody gets a damn paycheck, you know. You don't forget that name, so I took it.

High Times: What was wrong with the old name?

Paycheck: It wasn't worth a shit. Besides that, that guy was a crazy guy. Johnny Young, he was crazy. I knew him.

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He's gone. He strays back every once in a while, but he's not on the scene all the time, I'll tell you that.

High Times: You've got a song called "Cocaine Train."

Paycheck: I tell you what. I wrote that for the young people in America, like my babies, and yours. For a lot of us, hell, it's too late.

High Times: Do what I say, not what I do.

Paycheck: It's a killer son of a bitch. It's safe to a point and then there's these avenues. Kids go out in the street and get the coke, cocaine cut with formaldehyde, and they're dead within five minutes. See what I mean? So I recorded that song for them. Take ole John's advice, stay away from the cocaine train. I also tell them, Hell, when I was younger, I knew it all. I did, I thought I knew everything, but I'm older now and I realize I didn't know a whole hell of a lot and I try to say it nice because I don't want to preach or belittle them and everybody's got to learn.

High Times: How'd you get to be such an open-minded guy? You seem to typify what's best about Americans: an open-minded individual. You're cordial with everybody.

Paycheck: Everybody. I'm glad you asked that. If I had said that, I'd be an egotistical son of a bitch. But, you asked me. I have been everything and done everything worth doing and I mean both the bad and good side of it. You know what I mean? Like, for instance, I been an alcoholic, I was a pill freak—I slept in a penthouse and I slept in a garage, I drove a Cadillac and I slept under one. I rode freights, I fought in jungles. I been in prison. I been out. I been in the street. I've done everything, you see. There's a hell of a lot more, too. The only thing is, I would never volunteer nothing to children, 'cause that's like preaching. There's nothing they can't ask me that I'll give them the right answer and one hundred percent of them will do it their own way. And I know that. I always tell them, You do that, hell. I wouldn't deprive them of that. 'Cause I did it. Mine was by trial and error. I learned to lose as good as win.

High Times: Where do you think America's heading?

Paycheck: You want to know the damn truth? I think this country is going to get in a hell of a bad shape, if we don't find someone to stand up on their feet and say, That's it, brother. This is America and you're fucking stepping on my toes and I'm going to break your fucking head if you keep on. This country was founded because of that shit. The people that landed on Plymouth Rock were *outlaws*, they didn't like the way England was treating them. They came here to get away from that shit and now, only two hundred years later, these pussy bastards

are letting it fall again. And I'm telling you, they are. They put up shows of strength and all that—fuck, we ain't got enough military strength to go to war. If there's a war, we're fucked. Oh, we talk about it, but it's a front that's like everything else. If they call your bluff, what are you going to do? That's where this country's at. There's a bunch of assholes running it. Where's our Roosevelts and our Trumans? Where are our heroes? There's no heroes anymore, they're all gone. 'Cause people don't give a fuck. They think they're safe as a bug in a rug. They're wrong, buddy. I'm telling you they're wrong. Our fucking guard is almost down. What happens when your guard falls? That right knocks your dick loose. I'm telling you. Look, I'd go to war in a minute for my country, but I'm also

"Fuck Russia. You print it—I said Fuck Russia."

buying me a little chalet and the day this country isn't strong enough and won't stand up on her fucking hind feet, then I'll leave. This is my country, and when she becomes nothing I won't live here. I won't jeopardize my wife and boy. But Russia. Fuck Russia. You print it—I said, Fuck Russia.

High Times: It's a shame, 'cause we started out pretty good, didn't we?

Paycheck: The pioneers were good motherfuckers—they had a great dream. You know what I mean? Yes sir, our forefathers were tough sons of bitches. They had to be, 'cause they had no fucking TV dinners, but now things are different, now there's a lot of stuff that bothers me. Now everybody is trying to impress the next guy to get ahead of him. He's trying to impress his neighbor so he can get ahead of him. Not because he loves him or likes him or gives a fuck about him. Maybe he's got more than him so he's going to impress him and one of these days he's going to get beaten by him. Ain't that a bunch of shit? Ain't that awful? Best people I met in years is the Hell's Angels. You can print that.

High Times: How come?

Paycheck: Because they're men. With them, there's only one way, either right or wrong. If you're wrong, God help you. There's nowhere in between. You're either a good man or a punk. If you're a good man, there's a lot of love and respect. You all know people don't like Hell's Angels, they fear them. All right, there's a few bad asses in the bunch that did some bullshit,

so the whole fucking bunch of them's condemned. That's wrong.

High Times: What do you think of these TV evangelists?

Paycheck: That's the worst hypocrite bastards in the world. When I was home, my mom said, I just ordered a Jesus thing. And I said, What, from PTL? What'd you pay? She said, Fifty dollars. I said, I'll get you one for two ninety-five. But the Lord blessed it. My ass, Mama.

High Times: What was the lowest? When you were in L.A.? Strung out?

Paycheck: That was the lowest physically. Lowest mentally was right here in New York when I wrote "Touch My Heart Here." That was number one. Straight across the boards ten weeks. I believe that was the lowest mental point. I was still hurting over a woman and that was the last time. 'Cause I found out after all those years, I wasn't in love with her. I was in love with that memory. I was in love with what I remembered. I was hurting over what I remembered. So you don't hurt over the woman, you hurt over what's in your mind. But once you come to see that—I haven't hurt a day since. That's why I play all this sad shit—it makes me sad but I want to remember how I felt. 'Cause I don't ever want to make that mistake again. If I don't hurt a little bit I might forget and fall into that fucking trap again. That's my philosophy, and it works, too.

High Times: So what was the—you were doing smack for three years?

Paycheck: Two and a half.

High Times: How'd you kick it?

Paycheck: Kicked it myself.

High Times: Cold turkey?

Paycheck: Yeah, like a bastard. I lucked it with a bit of pain. When it got real bad I'd scald myself with hot coffee. It was pain but it was a different one. It took my mind off it. You know, if you don't get your mind off it that pain just about kill you. Lots of people die of that. The pain and the shock. They go into shock and they die. So before it could get me in there I just took the hot coffee, scalding myself.

High Times: Pour it on?

Paycheck: Pour it on me. Horrible.

Pain. But it was different than the other son of a bitch. It took me three days.

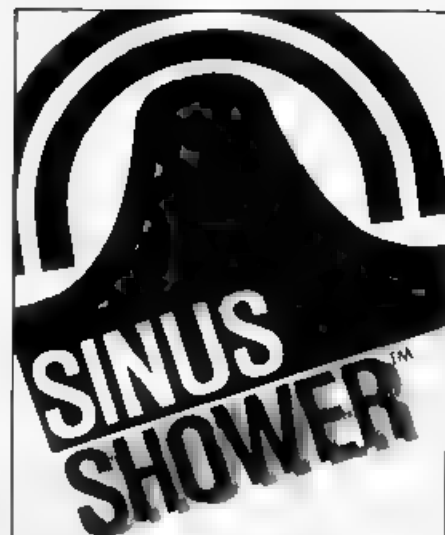
High Times: Where did you do it?

Paycheck: I was in Denver. I went to a friend's house. Down in the basement, in a toilet down there. I had a fix out on the TV—syringe and a bottle of whiskey. And I never locked the door. But when I come out I was still my own fucking man. Nobody helped get me in it, nobody helped get me out. I beat it.

High Times: And now, it's the chic thing to do. All those Hollywood new-wave circles.

Paycheck: Well, if they think that's a chic thing to do then you better get their

continued on page 76



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But alas, it's not yet legal to grow marijuana in your backyard. Even in jurisdictions where grass has been decriminalized, the law doesn't permit you to grow it openly. And the law is, in any case, only part of the

by Warren Dearden

problem. The immense value of premium marijuana in today's black market makes it an irresistible target for petty thieves—in effect, a shrub with \$20 bills growing on it. Until the law permits domestic cultivation and commerce at workingman's prices, eliminating the black market, the domestic cultivator is going to have to cope with ripoffs (with badges or without) and hide his plants.

Photos by Gilmfilm

There are two basic approaches to hiding dope: concealment and camouflage. To conceal, i.e., hide from sight completely, is obviously the most satisfactory; nothing can beat growing behind an unscalable wall, or within a private greenhouse. But concealment is not always attainable or appropriate. You're going to attract some pointed inquiries if you throw up a 12-foot concrete wall around a suburban quarter acre. Barbed wire, electrified fences, and guard dogs only attract attention. And heavy security of this sort will, even if it works, take most of the fun out of growing it. For most personal-use

domestic cultivators, particularly those in decriminalized jurisdictions, camouflage is a far more practical alternative.

Tying plastic tomatoes onto a dope plant—Furry Freak Brothers-style—is pretty primitive camouflage. While it might work on the most naive beholder (your mother in town for the weekend), it wouldn't for a moment fool a nosy cop. In the first place, a dope plant resembles a tomato plant, to the practiced eye, as a camel resembles a fireplug. Anyway, this is the completely wrong approach to camouflage—trying to make a dope plant, in isolation, look like something other than what it is. The whole point of camouflage is to make a dope plant look like nothing at all. Make it invisible.

Cannabis is most distinguishable by its stature (six to twelve feet) and its large, serrated, seven-fingered primary leaves. It will obviously be far less conspicuous if it is pruned once or twice before it buds and kept to a height of four or five feet. Topped ruthlessly, trained to a height of two or three feet, it loses its conical shape entirely, making it nearly invisible to the distant observer. But topping doesn't really do the trick when the observer is able to approach more closely, because those primary leaves are of a distinctive size, shape and color—a red, white and blue flag to the practiced eye. Leaf trimming is the *sine qua non* of camouflage.

The question is how much to trim, and when. A dope plant, like any plant, depends upon its leaves for the photosynthesis that powers its whole biology. Trimming it too rigorously will stunt and weaken it. But there is apparently a fairly large margin for error in this matter, for the question of whether or not to trim leaves has been a matter of hot and heavy debate among Maui wowie growers for the better part of a decade, and the subject of continuous experiments. Partisans on either side include the best and most experienced growers, whose dope is equally stoney, suggesting that it makes little difference or none in terms of the final product, and that you can trim leaves with relative impunity, according to camouflage criteria. The best rule of thumb is to trim primary leaves only after the secondary leaves have burst from their buds and begun to spread, and to trim secondary leaves only when they become so dense or large as to resemble primaries.

Topping and trimming a dope plant doesn't make it disappear, of course, any more than tying on plastic tomatoes disguises it. It must have an ambience to disappear into: a garden, a weedy field or a glade full of similar vegetation, where it doesn't look out of place. A family vegetable-flower garden is the ideal ambience for a camouflaged marijuana plant, especially a large, disorderly,

overgrown garden. Best of all is a garden on a farm, where no nosy neighbors or cops come snooping. Minimally, a garden in a place where gardens (or oneself) are not so unusual as to attract unwanted scrutiny. A garden with an ordinary inconspicuous livestock fence, and an unlocked gate—to which entry can be controlled, if not entirely prohibited. An ordinary family-sized organic garden, with a family-sized number of marijuana plants scattered through it, in twos and threes.

Vegetables are, obviously, crucial to the ambience of a vegetable garden, an alibi for your long sweaty hours of stoop labor. And, though no vegetable resembles marijuana closely enough to make it disappear, there are several that by their stature and luxuriance contribute to ambience, and can be used to block off sight lines. Corn is wonderful this way, growing if not taller than an elephant's eye, taller than a man's. Through a patch of it several rows deep, one can see very little beyond. And, perhaps the most recognizable of all vegetable plants, it's great for ambience: As nothing else, it makes a garden look like a vegetable garden.

Nearly as good are sunflowers and pole beans. Sunflowers have leaves the size of dinner plates and attain a height of seven or eight feet. Pole beans will clothe a ten-foot-high trellis with foliage as opaque as a brick wall.



Blue salvias are small, but just right for camouflaging these winter colas.



Even in daylight, cosmos conceal dope beautifully from the suspecting eye.

The point is to make a dope plant look like nothing at all. Make it invisible.

But sunflowers and beans aren't quite subtle enough. Because they are so tall and make such excellent concealment, they invite the suspicions of the suspicious. So they are useful mainly in secondary uses, blocking off sightlines rather than in close proximity to the target plant, and as decoys, giving the suspicious something to look behind.

More subtle are the tomato, the sweet pea, the eggplant, the okra, and the pepper, plants that stand up in the garden to a height of three or four feet. Too short to block off any long sightlines, and thus appearing to conceal nothing, these waist-high vegetables are handy for screening bush-shaped, waist-high dope plants, or as part of a thicket surrounding a taller dope plant. More subtle still are the carrot and the beet, the lettuce and the melon, growing ankle high. They're useful in the way they can control ground space, directing the feet of a trespassing beholder (around a lettuce bed rather than through it) and useful for the way they reflect light, for the diversity and confusion they lend.

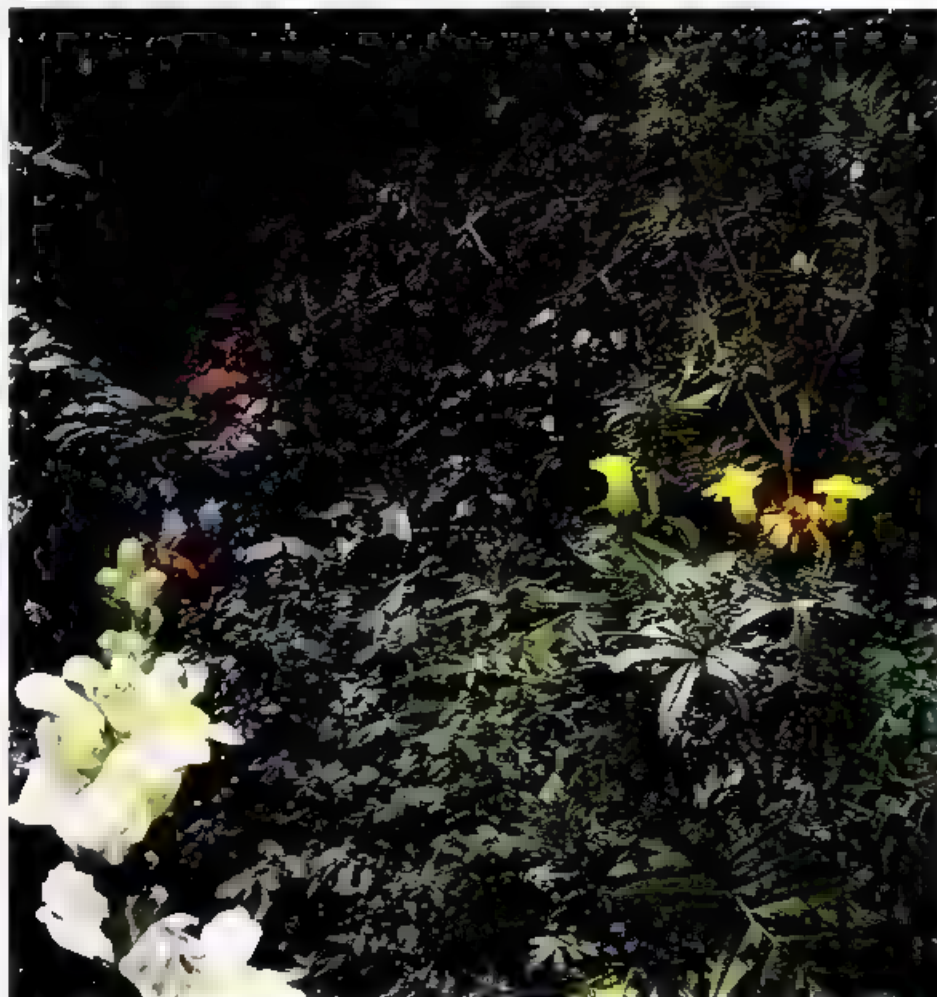
The best camouflage for marijuana is among flowers, a few kinds especially. Marigolds are very good. Their foliage from a distance somewhat resembles that of a

flowering marijuana plant, and their big brilliant orange and yellow flowers just dazzle the eye. And marigolds, as a sort of bonus, will imbue the buds of dope plants grown beside them with a taste of their delicious aroma. Certain kinds of ornamental sunflowers are useful, particularly a branching, smaller-flowered kind called *Tithonia*. It grows five or six feet tall, has luxuriant foliage, and sports profuse, dazzling vermilion flowers. *Scabiosa* is handy, with its weedy foliage, five-foot stature, and bright flowers in a variety of colors. Blue salvias are excellent camouflage, although, like marigolds, they don't grow as tall as you'd like. And a few others, like hollyhocks and regular sunflowers, are useful because they're tall, bright and distracting. But the best camouflage flower, the marijuana grower's mainstay, is a flower called, appropriately enough, cosmos.

There are two kinds of cosmos, so different that their synonymy is puzzling. The kind called Sensation, with purple and lavender flowers shading into red and white, and ferny foliage, grows as tall as five feet. Its height, profuse flowers and distinctive foliage make it nearly as useful for primary (close-in) camouflage as tithonia. But it is the other kind of cosmos, called Bright



Trimmed buds are effectively screened by cosmos and marigolds.



Poking up from among the snapdragons, this plant is overdue for trimming.

A nosy cop can be discouraged by a well-placed, really ripe compost heap.

Lights, with flowers of orange, yellow and red, and trilobate leaves, that really turns the trick. It doesn't grow as tall as marijuana—practically nothing does—but it reaches a height of five feet, and its branching habit is nearly identical. Its foliage, while not quite the same color as marijuana, or similar enough to be confusing on close inspection, hangs from the branches the same way, and flutters similarly in the breeze, showing the beholder a very similar pattern of light and shadow. And its flowers live up to the name Bright Lights, growing out of the foliage on long graceful stems, bursting brilliant orange by the hundreds, dancing in the breeze. A marijuana plant, trimmed to an appropriate height and shed of its primary leaves, disappears utterly in a clump of flowering cosmos plants, invisible from only a couple of yards away in full daylight.

Effective as it is, however, a clump

of cosmos is very elementary camouflage. It only works on someone who isn't looking for it: To a ripoff who knows the trick, a clump of cosmos is a dead giveaway. That's where the other flowers come in, as camouflage for both the marijuana and the telltale cosmos. A marijuana plant screened by a couple of cosmos, a couple of marigolds, a tithonia, a pea vine, a salvia and a tomato is nearly as invisible as among a half-dozen cosmos. And that screen itself becomes invisible amid a part-colored profusion of flowers and foliage, vegetables, herbs, and ornamentals of the widest possible variety, consistent with the ambience of the whole garden. Here, where the camouflage camouflages the camouflage, is where the eye of the artist meets its most subtle challenge ("Is it good enough? Is it finished?").

Vegetables, herbs and flowers are of course only the camouflagist's

palette, and understanding the usefulness of each, being able to see each as a living light sculpture, is only part of camouflage technique. Equally, if not more, important is an understanding of (or an eye for) the fundamental principles of composition and perspective. An exceptionally tall plant (a sunflower) will make all the plants in its vicinity look smaller than they are. A gazing human eye can be dazzled and distracted by brilliant, dancing flowers. A strong vertical line can steer the eye upward, a powerful foreground element can hold it. Perception of color and shape can be dramatically altered by the juxtaposition of different colors and shapes; there are some huge, exploitable loopholes in the laws of perspective. Distortion of the beholder's perspective and misleading tricks of composition are the camouflagist's stock in trade.

Camouflage is no protection against a systematic, close inspection in the full light of day, so if you're worried about the police showing up with a search warrant and a German shepherd, forget it. But each of the camouflagist's other major enemies, the neighborhood kids snooping by moonlight, a police officer conducting a hasty unwarranted search, a nosy stranger peeking over the fence, is working under a handicap that the camouflagist can exploit and enhance.

The stranger peeking over the fence is a good example. Trying to remain inconspicuous, he or she will approach your garden by the route that offers the best concealment (or the best alibi), and peek over your fence at the most promising spot: If he can see the whole garden from this spot, and can see nothing, he probably won't bother to take a second peek. Since his route of approach can usually be narrowed down to a couple of choices, the "most promising spot" that he chooses to peek into your garden can just as easily be predicted and manipulated by the design of the fence and the landscaping outside the fence. Being able to predict his point of view so accurately makes it possible to camouflage against him with considerable precision.

The neighborhood kids snooping by moonlight are even easier to trick, working under several handicaps. They can see very little, in the first place: The full moon provides only one three-hundredth (1/300) of the light of the sun—enough to locate a prescouted plant perhaps, but not enough to scout out a camouflaged one; a flashlight, if they dared use one,

would cast so many shadows it would make the camouflage more effective. And being teenagers, they think everybody is as dumb as them. They will come snooping, most likely, for a dozen marijuana plants all in a row, approaching by a pretty predictable route. Entering your garden through the gate, or climbing the fence at the easiest spot (wherever you want them to), they will follow a predictable pattern in their search. They will search the spots that seem most likely to them—amid the corn, behind the lima beans, in the lee of your toolshed—and pull up an innocent young

marigold as like as not. Their search will probably be a brief, perfunctory one in any circumstances. If they do find a plant, they will take it and run like hell, leaving your others alone.

A police officer conducting a hasty, unwarranted search (an overzealous narc following up a tip that a judge won't give him a warrant for) is a camouflagist's worst enemy. He works in the full light of day, as the neighborhood kids will usually not dare, and he has a damned good picture of what he's looking for. He's bolder and more deliberate than the ordinary sneak thief, confident that

his badge (not to mention his gun) will protect him from pitchfork-wielding hippies. His handicap (having to give up his search if you actually catch him at it and ask him to) is a handicap only relative to a police officer with a warrant (who will double his search if you ask him to quit, and if all else fails discover some evidence in his pocket).

But his handicap, such as it is, can be exploited. If a garden is overlooked by a house or two, and protected by a barking watchdog, he will worry more about being interrupted (and the indignity of having a citizen tell him to beat it) than about being systematic. Since he is, generally speaking, a law-abiding person who doesn't like to go wantonly trampling through people's flower beds, a constipated person who's worried about getting shit on his shiny brown shoes, he will usually keep to the paths you have laid out in your garden and can be discouraged from searching a whole section of a garden by a well-placed, really ripe compost heap. And ambience will throw him off stride more than anything: If a garden looks more like a respectable Republican vegetable and flower garden than he expects a dope garden to look, he'll begin to worry that he's gotten another bum tip. Since he is entering the garden by a predictable route, and following a somewhat predictable route in his hasty search, it is possible to predict somewhat his points of view, and to manipulate by camouflage what he will see from them. Just hope he hasn't read this article.

The question of whether camouflage is going to be the answer to the problems of a particular domestic cultivator is one that must properly be considered in the context of his particular legal climate: whether the local police conduct unwarranted searches, whether the local judges will convict on the basis of illegally gathered evidence, whether (and how much) dope in your garden can get you locked up. For camouflage is truly more of an art than a criminal technique: the province of poets, philosophers and dilettantes where the law only slaps one's hands, but far too imprecise to dabble in where the law flings 20-year sentences at thought criminals. In jurisdictions where it is feasible, in neighborhoods where the police (or the neighbors) aren't aggressively nosy, camouflage can be the answer to the ordinary dope fiend's prayers. To the ordinary starving artist, it offers, besides the satisfaction of a neat trick, something to keep his muse stoned. □



Trimmed sinsemilla is barely distinguishable even from uncamouflaged side.

I don't think so. The world we live in is not a place where creatures of morality and integrity, who can stand up for their wars, for it is not a place where there is no place for them.

[illegible]

you dumb son of a bitch! Fight back! Now! Move! Go!

The kid, dazed but obedient, ducks his motorcycle, the balls of his feet, and hot gone. The yellow stiletto flares, and he flies out the door, following the jumper's descent to the ground. "Number Two! Now! Move yer ass! I said Move!" The rookie might brace on the back of the rookie's pack, and down into the wild blue yonder.

Four go out this way in the first pass, four more in the second, and then the yellow team goes hard to the left. My friend and photographer Glenn Tuckman has a much better vantage point than I do behind Philbodeaux. They strapped him into a chute harness, two half-inch-diameter pulleys, and a metal loop on the harness if he suddenly found he was out of control. He has as much as Glenn's knowledge about parachuting. Nobody told him what he was getting into, and Philbodeaux could be given a long look at his breed, and the sudden realization of the danger he was in, as he looked toward the ocean and scurries desperately for a foothold and pull himself up. He is a good climber, and he is a good jumper. He is strapped comfortably in the copilot's seat.

DEATH, MEAN DADDY, AND THE WARRIOR LIFE

BY BOB LaBRASCA

HIGH TIMES AT THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE CONVENTION





Heading in for the landing now, we crest the little knoll before the runway, and Mike—Mike Phillips, the pilot, who claims to be 21 but looks about 15—cuts the power and we drop hard, too hard, like a basketball bounce and are airborne again. Coming around for a second try, the kid gives it plenty of throttle; we do a slalom skid down the tarmac and come to rest about 15 feet beyond the end of the runway.

It's late in the second day of the First Annual Soldier of Fortune Convention and Combined Combat Shooting Championship, and this little initiation rite over the periphery of Columbia, Missouri, has been the first moment to gleam with a hint of what this weekend is really all about.

Soldier of Fortune, which has been publishing for a little over two years now, calls itself "the Journal of Professional Adventurers," and it is certainly the only mass-market periodical aimed, ostensibly, at least at the mercenary soldier. Its circulation—170,000 and growing—implies, however, that the world of warring for pay draws a great many more spectators than participants. This gathering marks the first time the

magazine's core of devoted readers has assembled to have a look at each other and to meet their heroes: the *SOF* staff and some of the men about whom its stories are written.

Frequently they are the same people. Published out of Boulder, Colorado, *SOF* is the brainchild and province of Robert K. Brown, a 49-year-old colonel in the army reserves. Brown is military through and through, but not of the spit-and-polish class. His outlook and the editorial policy of the magazine are renegade—right-wing, to be sure, but weathered and distrustful of the brass. For instance, Brown has compared the agents of the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms to narcs, calling them "the same type of scum that operate in the narcotics field."

The magazine's appeal clearly springs more from its ability to conjure up the aroma of exploded cordite than from its simplistic anticommunist editorials. The advertisements are for combat guns or their replicas; knives designed for throat slitting; and books about guns, disembowelment, the coming apocalypse, and cranky right wing



philosophies. Scattered through the classifieds are offers by various "trained experts" to "go anywhere, do anything." Some of the ads, slightly disguised, are aimed at soliciting membership in white supremacist or anti-Semitic groups.



But, over all, *SOF* is aimed at all the people who believe deep in their sentimental hearts that a man's worth is measured by his willingness to die—or kill—for his ideals. It is a telling piece of irony, though, that many of the conventioners find it necessary to kick dirt and wince and rummage through long unused parts of their brains to explain what those ideals might be...or might have been.

Yet far stronger than any of the vague ideals that they may or may not have in common is their yearning to reexperience that special kinship born when they had their asses on the

line. Virtually all the men at the convention share a warm nostalgia for that moment, when instinct takes over and actions must be swift, brutal and authoritarian. When Thibodeaux has to dump four guys out in eight seconds to put them all in the drop zone, there's no time for second guessing. It may not have the welding force of combat, but there's the threat of death, all right. If you don't think so, try looking down from an airplane at 3,000 feet.

It's on the chance of feeling that camaraderie again, first experienced in the jungles of Vietnam, or maybe

while reading a World War II comic as a kid, that they've come to Columbia. And their joy at sharing that feeling is so thick here you could cut it with a bayonet.

John Early, a 'Nam vet and a contributing editor to *SOF*, is not at the convention. After four years in Southeast Asia, he served as a merc

in Rhodesia's infamous Selous Scouts and took part in the notorious Pungwe raid into Mozambique, an operation that took 1,184 "terrorist" lives. The Pungwe raid was an appetizing little affair. "Raid" is a misnomer; actually it was more of a bushwhacking. The Selous Scouts, its white members in black face, crossed into Mozambique in eight trucks bearing Frelimo flags. A large photograph of Robert Mugabe on the lead truck completed the masquerade as they drove into the center of a guerrilla camp. At the parade ground they opened up on unarmed "terrorists" with 50-caliber machine guns, mowing down everybody in sight. The killing continued for another eight hours or so—technicians at work. Early's candid explanation for his chosen career is contained in *Merc. American Soldiers of Fortune*, a book Brown wrote with Jay Mallin, another of SOF's battalion of contributing editors. It holds some valuable clues to a model mercenary mentality. Early wrote:

The four years I spent in Vietnam were the best four years I ever had. I was important, I had a great deal of self-worth, I accounted for something. I was accomplishing something. It didn't make any difference that what we were doing was either incorrect or badly managed or bungled politically. What we were doing on that spot of ground at that time was important to us. We believed in each other, and we trusted each other. That was a very important consideration. I think a lot of people are looking for that. That's what I looked for.

The conventioners began assembling Friday night at a cocktail reception in the Hilton Inn off I-70. Talk over drinks was largely in a language of numbers and code names of weaponry and elite assault units—the argot of old hands in the modern fighting trade. The lingo was shared also by the weekenders, many of whom now worked at boring civilian jobs, and the attending military buffs, or drugstore mercenaries, who made up another significant delegation.

The jargon afforded the sincere conventioners some minimal insulation against the press corps. Word that more than 700 people with a shared interest in the idea of killing for pay were gathering here had drawn us like flies to My Lai. Everyone, it seemed, was hot for the story. The *New York Times*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *London Daily Mail*, *Actual*, *Rolling Stone*, ABC News and a host of other local and syndicated TV outfits. *Penthouse* and *Penthouse* were said to be on the scene, plus the wire services, plus the radio networks—we

were stepping all over each other.

A convention name tag marked HIGH TIMES attracted a few of the curious. One tall, bearded man, clad in the prescribed convention uniform of camouflage fatigues, boots and beret, snagged me at the bar. He snickered at my badge and his eyes brightened. "The high of battle, that's your story," he counseled excitedly. "The greatest high in the world—the ultimate high. Your adrenalin gets



pumping—heightened intelligence. Your body and your mind start working together. You get that... what do they call it? ...seventh sense."

I asked him if he'd seen a lot of action.

"I've seen a few campaigns," he boasted cheerily.

The presentation was too jolly. I got the feeling he was bullshitting. But a squat, bulky man with a leathery face who stood at his elbow looked like the genuine article. "How about you," I inquired. "Are you a vet?"

"Mm-hmm," he grunted.

"Where'd you serve?" I pressed.

There was no reply. He turned his head away a little but kept his eyes on mine. It was a look I'd get used to over the next three days—that squint-eyed, condescending, sidelong leer, meant to end conversation by suggesting a reservoir of dark, unexplainable experience. It could come at any time in response to almost any question and meant simply, "There aren't enough words, I haven't got the time, and you wouldn't understand anyway." Often, it was a bluff to cover something that wouldn't bear scrutiny. Sometimes it seemed to spring from uncertainty, a fear of disagreeing with those of higher rank and greater right to speak. Rarely, it had the intended withering resonance of a voice from

the caverns of doom.

Out of the thicket of cammies and beer bottles popped a TV news interviewer with his cameraman in tow: "HIGH TIMES, eh? How's it goin'? I'm with Channel 4, doin' a syndicated thing. Haven't got a real looney yet. Seen any around?... No, huh?... Well, I'll find 'em... Take it easy."

Later, as I sucked on a beer, befuddled, a small man in a smaller khaki Norfolk jacket and maroon beret squeezing his noggin introduced himself. "HIGH TIMES, eh? Wonderful magazine. Robin Moore," he said, extending a hand. He had a pixieish smile on his rosy round face and was in the company of two women. Author of *The Green Berets*, *The French Connection* and another book entitled *The Crippled Eagles*, which had been distributed free with the registration materials, Moore was to be the keynote speaker at the banquet that night. I hadn't had much of a look at his latest work, but the white-covered, "uncorrected proof" we'd been handed seemed to be full of black African Marxists who relished raping white women. Its heroes were the Rhodesian mercs.

We made small talk. He introduced his wife, Mary Olga, a handsome, tartish woman who looked about 15 years younger than he, and another woman, a small blonde with a curvaceous frame and flat eyes, whose name I immediately forgot. Somehow the conversation drifted to cocaine, and he made casual reference, in his snide little voice, to losing some thousands of dollars in a Miami deal with a Latin woman. He consulted Mary Olga for the woman's name.

A major celebrity here, Moore was drawn away by a couple of beefy backslapping conventioners, and I was left alone with the blonde.

"What brings you here?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm with Mr. Moore's party."

"Are you a *Soldier of Fortune* fan?"

"No, they just asked me to come along."

"From where?"

"Tampa, Florida. Where you from?"

"Well, I flew in from New York."

"Oh, really? I could have gone to New York this weekend, but I decided... I'd never been here before, so..."

"What do you do? Are you Mr. Moore's secretary, or..."

"No, I'm just... a friend of a friend."

The banquet was held later that night at the Flaming Pit restaurant, nestled in a Columbia shopping mall. Everyone had been drinking for hours prior to arriving, and the mood was buoyant and boisterous. Timid

continued on page 98

A photograph of a dark, textured wall, possibly a bookshelf or a wall with a rough finish. A bright light source from the upper left creates a strong, vertical beam of light that illuminates a portion of the wall and casts a long, dark shadow. The light creates a high-contrast scene with deep blacks and bright whites.

HIGHER LEARNING

Photos by Steve Cooper



Drink to Your Health Adams Harper's

MARIJUANA
by Jonathan J. Harter

Drinking to Your Health

KAPLAN
MARIJUANA
The New Prohibition



Lot And His Daughters



The Blue Testament

*My Favorite
Bible Stories
by the Rev.
Dean Latimer,
Sordid Affairs
Editor*



Thus is how it gets started. One day some crazy man comes to town, bright and early on a market day, and scares everyone half to death with a sudden blast from a brass trumpet out of his mouth, smashing cymbals together between his hands and knees, touching off big plumes of bright-colored smoke out of the sleeves and collar of his big black cloak, while a half-dozen shaven-headed disciples squat all around him squalling and hymning to high heaven. This scares all the dogs and chickens out of the street, so the local folks can crowd around and gape while the holy man rips his robe right down the front, eyes all spinning golliwog and blue spit slobbering into his beard, and magicks up from nowhere a pair of bright curved daggers, and sets into slicing up his chest and belly in broad daylight while everybody screams in horror. Maybe he slices off a few fingertips or his nose and juggles them around, gushing bright red blood, vocalizing birdsong and animal grunts. Then a pass of the hands and behold! The blood's gone, the slashes heal right up, the body parts knit back together. Then the disciples pass the plate while the holy man tells us all how the holy baby Zagreus was torn apart just like this and eaten by Zeus' horrible brothers the Titans, all but his little heart, which the Father rescued and preserved in the flesh of his own flesh, and someday soon he will come among us again, Dionysos

Zagreus, the only-begotten son of God made flesh. Tremble in your bowels at the thought, and dig a little deeper in your pockets, and mind your ways henceforward, for we come near the End of Days.

That was what, 2,500 to 3,000 years ago? And now we have a whole presidium of crazed and insatiable theologues like that bringing Jesus Christ forcibly down upon us, whether we're wise to the hype or not. For the next four years, just like the last four, only *worse*, there is going to be a whole shutload of Born-Again religiosity oozing out of the American political machine, all over everybody. Jimmy Carter started his 1976 term straight off with a fervent blessing on the prohibition of abortions to women who can't afford them—"there is a moral issue involved," quoth the Reverend Jimmy—and after that there was *no* keeping a leash on the Moral Majority. That tax-exempt multicosmic corporation of billionaire Bible thumpers effectively brokered this last election, deploying their celestial satellite grids and the same sleazy bulk-mail maneuvers that smutmongers and fad-diet docs perfected years ago. From now on, anyone who wants to get anywhere in this country—congressman, ward leader or just a tenured spot on a local high-school faculty—had best not cross up (no pun intended) these highly Christian people.

Well, yes, there's that. They *are* Christian, after all. Nicest people in the world. Milk of human kindness, yes sir. Not like it was your *Jews* taking over the country, whose prayers are not even heard by God—we have this on the authority of the Baptist Church itself—and who

"WHEN SHE PUTTETH FORTH HER HAND, AND TAKETH HIM BY THE SECRETS; THEN THOU SHALT CUT OFF HER HAND."

therefore undoubtedly lack the feedback from Him which is so vital in running a properly God-fearing nation. (It's not just the Arabs who think Israel is downright uppity.) No, these are *sweet* folks, souls of moderation and self-effacement. James Robison, there, he'd never stoop to any such heathen trick as ripping open his starched blue shirt on closed-circuit telly and slashing his innards out with daggers, just to show us how neatly God would put him back together. Jimmy Swaggart doesn't have to set himself on fire with gasoline to make you realize that Jesus hates homosexuals. These are cheap tricks, wicked even. Would your faith in the Biblical account of creation be shaken if James Baker declined an invitation to spend a weekend in a pit of adders and farnished lionesses?

Miracles and martyrs, they're sadly out of fashion. You saw what happened a couple of years ago when a thousand Jesus-smitten souls gave up the supreme sacrifice in Guyana, right? The most profound expression of deep-down Christian commitment since the Spanish Inquisition, but everybody just thought it was plain *tacky*. These Born-Again don't feel the slightest obligation to prove by the mortifications of their own flesh that God approves of their mean, stupid, lunatic bigotry. That's all taken care of: Jesus died for their sins, and pretty messily from all accounts, and that gives them enough moral slack to shove their prejudices forcibly down everyone else's throats. They don't have to prove any of it, at this late day and age, it's all been written down in the Holy Bible for thousands and thousands of years. And who better than them, these shriven Born-Again vessels of rectitude, to interpret for us the scriptural stand on sin, morality, welfare, education and foreign policy?

Get ready to hear a whole lot out of the Books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, O ye of little faith! "There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel," (Deut. 23:17), "nor a sodomite of the sons of Israel." No way, and "If a man lies also with a mankind" (Levit. 20:10), "as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination; they will surely be put to death." The same fate awaits anyone who commits adultery or incest, and death by stoning for anyone who has carnal knowledge of an animal—"and ye shall slay the beast," too, just to make sure it didn't get away with anything pleasurable.

You do have to wonder, though, where the Moral Majority is going to draw the line in their reordination of scriptural legislation over the rest of us. The Iowa hog breeders certainly wouldn't go for the 11th chapter of Leviticus, which makes pork a Schedule I controlled substance, and what are we to think about this very specific admonition in the 15th chapter?

And if a woman have an issue, and her issue in her flesh be blood, she shall be put apart seven days; and whosoever touches her shall be unclean until the even. And every thing that she lieth upon in her separation shall be unclean; every thing also that she sitteth upon shall be unclean. . . And if any man lie with her at all, and her flowers be upon him, he shall be unclean seven days; and all the bed whereon he lieth shall be unclean.

And even after she's done with her accursed "flowers," the poor lady is still legally obliged to purchase "two turtles, or two young pigeons" for a purificatory sacrifice in the tabernacle. Watch 'em use this as an excuse for raising their monthly welfare benefits.

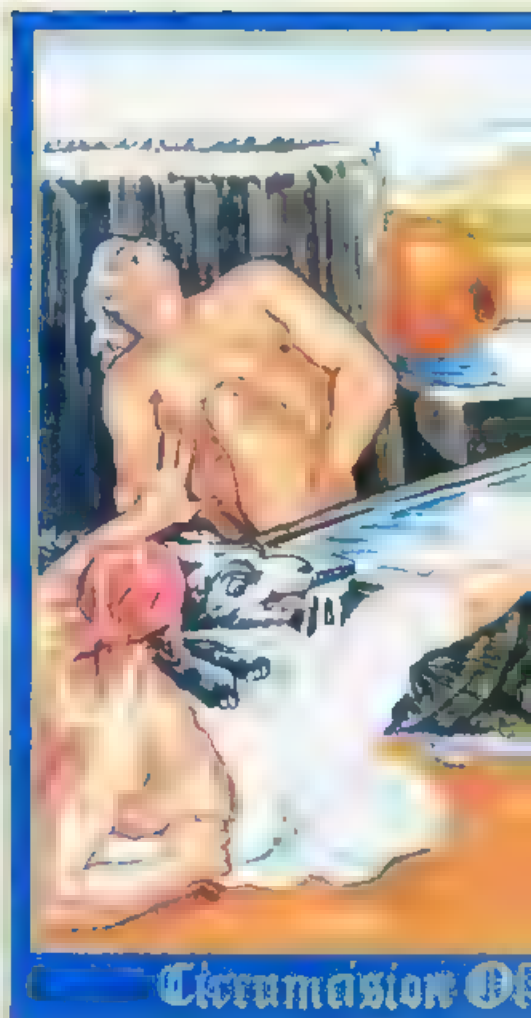
On the other hand, some of these grave Mosaic edicts might be rather kinky to try out. Deuteronomy 25 insists with a peculiar urgency that should a married man perish childless, his nearest brother is duty-bound to "go in unto" the widow and knock her up. Should he refuse, the thwarted widow is entitled to haul him into court and "loose the shoe from his foot, and spit in his face," so that forever after, "his name shall be called in Israel, the house of him that hath his shoe loosed."

In Hebrew, there is undoubtedly a pun concealed in this designation. Clearly He has more of a sense of humor than any of our modern-day Fundamentalists.

This peculiar provision is, however, virtually unique in Old-Time Religious jurisprudence, the way it allows for some little bit of alleviation for sexually underprivileged women. Frankly, if all these sacred ordinances were put into effect tomorrow, women would be even worse off than faggots and pig fuckers. Hell, a woman couldn't even involve herself in a good old-fashioned country-western tavern tussle. Deut. 25:11

When men strive together one with another, and the wife of one draweth near for to deliver her husband out of the hand of him that smiteth him, and putteth forth her hand, and taketh him by the secrets, then thou shalt cut off her hand, thine eye shall not pity her.

National religious revival notwithstanding, I wonder if Mr. Middle



America is prepared to chop his old lady's hand off at the wrist just because she slipped some pushy redneck a stiff cup-check

Don't get the wrong idea by and large the Bible is a fine rollicking book. "I thought it was rather *merry*, really," said Emily Dickinson of the Old Testament, and she was cooler than you and me put together. There are scads of snappy stories in the Bible, pretty poetry, shoot-em-up adventure sagas, jokes and puzzles galore. Before you get to the 20th chapter of Genesis (covering the period around 2000 B.C.—half-past the Flood already), you come across a heartwarming affirmation of traditional family values which only happens to contravene the aforementioned incest statute: Lot, the celebrated hero of Sodom, screws his own daughters and gets away scot free.

Not only did this Lot patriarch get to screw them, what's more, he got their cherries in the bargain. It all starts at the beginning of Genesis 19, when Lot invites two handsome Angels of the Lord into his house. Clearly smitten by all this celestial beefcake, "all the people of every quarter" of Sodom gather at Lot's door, demanding, "Where are the men that came



The Shechemites

in to thee this night? Bring them out to us so that we may know them." Responds Lot, who knows which side of the manna his butter's on, discreetly through the keyhole: "Behold, I have two daughters which have not yet known man; let me, I pray you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes."

Before the mob can achieve a working knowledge of the two maidens, however, they are all struck blind by the Angels—such being the classic fate of Sodomites—and before very long the town is wiped out by fire and brimstone. Lot, though, that sterling *paterfamilias*, is by this time deep in the wilderness, alone with his virgin daughters. He's an old man, and the girls, his only surviving family, grow anxious lest their daddy expire without a son to carry on his name. "Come," one whispers to the other, "let us make our father drunk with wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve the seed of our father."

So it is Written, so it undoubtedly occurred, on two consecutive evenings, one sweet virgin after the other. But you can't blame Lot for it, he was clear out of it both times it happened: "he perceived not when she lay down, or when she arose," goes the double refrain. The highly unnatural result was two bouncing baby boys, Moab and Ammon.

"LET US MAKE OUR FATHER DRUNK WITH WINE, AND WE WILL LIE WITH HIM, THAT WE MAY PRESERVE HIS SEED."

Now stand back and gaze upon this improving epic a second, and let's try to make out the moral teachings offered by the Author here. The Sodomites, of course, for wanting to butt-fuck the Angels in preference to the comely daughters, have given everlasting scriptural justification to antihomosexual bigotry; today this is exceedingly important, because every manifest evidence of rationality shows that it's infinitely more evil to hate queers than to be queer, so that this swatch of Holy Writ is the last refuge of instinctual fag-bashers. But Lot and his daughters, whose absolute purity establishes the terms of reference by which Sodomy is proven to be unclean, promptly commit *incest*, and get clean away with it. C'mon, who's in charge here?

Does the Bible lie?

I throw out this notion to preachers everywhere. Imagine that grab line for a Sunday sermon "Does the Bible lie?" tacked up in the little announcement box in the churchyard. The rubes would be hanging from the belfry rafters, tithes and shekels spilling out of their pockets, anxiously seeking reassurance. Different parts of it may have been written at different times in history, by different people with different axes to grind, that's all. So now and then you wind up with whole populations of folks who were supposedly dead for years being suddenly active, or entire townships being in two different places on the earth at the same moment in time. For example

It seems one Shechem, the very prince of Shechem town, took a shine to Dinah, the pubescent daughter of the patriarch Jacob: "He took her, he lay with her, he defiled her. And his soul clave unto Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, and he loved the damsel..." (Genesis 30)

From all indications, the sweet Dinah thoroughly reciprocated the prince's affections, to the immortal scandal of the Israelite nation. When Prince Shechem came to beg for her hand from Jacob, the girl's brothers "deceitfully"—so it is even written—consented to hand her over, on condition that all the men of Shechem submit to ritual circumcision. This Dinah must've been a rare piece, for the besotted prince agreed, and the whole municipality underwent a mass *briss*: "And it came to pass on the third day, when they were sore"—dear God, the pain!—the warriors of Levi and Simeon "came unto the city boldly and

slew all the males," even unto that asshole Shechem. Dinah was carried back into the fold with marvelous rejoicing.

(Speaking as an uncircumcised infidel who has exhaustively investigated this thing, let me remark that this is the *only* rational excuse I have ever seen for thus mutilating the noble *membrum virile*.)

Now, there is no use asking why Shechem, as a hostile Canaanite town, continues to crop up in chapters and verses that postdate for untold centuries its absolute massacre and depopulation; any more than it would be decent to speculate why it is, immediately after this highly successful military maneuver, the victorious tribe of Simeon virtually drops out of sight, and the tribe of Levi becomes so sparse that when the conquered Land of Canaan is finally parceled out, they get not so much as God's Little Acre. No, no, the Shechemites just *couldn't* have whipped the piss out of Simeon and Levi in real life—God, Who wrote the Book, would certainly have been big enough to admit as much.

To continue, right at the end of the Book of Judges (1000 A.C., ostensibly) occurs a merry little romance of rapine and slaughter which those in the know call "the outrage of Gibeah." Seems a reverend rabbi from the tribe of Ephraim, having journeyed south to Bethlehem to recover his runaway concubine, or slave-mistress, on his way home arrived at Jerusalem right at sundown. Now, since Jerusalem at this time was in the hands of certain non-Israelite Canaanites, this pious Ephraimite schlepped five miles out of his way to lodge overnight in Gibeah, a town run by the Benjaminites, solid Hebrew fellows. But he had reason to regret this later, since although the Benjaminites were next-door neighbors to the Ephraimites—or more likely, *because* of it—there was considerable bad blood between the tribes.

So, come midnight, a gang of local toughs—"certain sons of Belial," possibly a street gang—muster outside the rabbi's boarding house, howling, "Bring forth the man that came into thy house, that we may know him." Understandably reluctant to be known by all these bravos, the rabbi suggests they strike up an acquaintance with his concubine, and pitches her out the door, where "they knew her, and abused her, all the night until the morning." In the safe light of day, the rabbi emerges to find the lady at her last gasp, stretching her hands out to his feet in the dust. "And he said unto her, Up, and let us be going. But none answered." *continued*

"SO NOW AND MORE DO GOD UNTO THE ENEMIES OF DAVID, IF I LEAVE ANY THAT PISSETH AGAINST THE WALL."

Home he goes then to Mount Ephraim—it's barely 15 miles north—and when he gets there, he takes a knife to the corpse of his erstwhile playmate and carves her into 12 portions. These he distributes to "all the coasts of Israel," calling for a holy war against these Benjamite bums. The resulting slaughter reduced the Benjaminites to a population of 600, all fighting men—it was easier, clearly, to exterminate the women and children than the army itself—and the tribe was in clear and present danger of extinction.

This would've been going too far. Scurvy though they may have been, the Benjaminites *did* count for one of the 12 tribes, and since 12 is a much more numerologically auspicious number than 11, the victorious tribes suspended the genocide and began casting around for suitable wives for the survivors. Since everyone in the coalition had taken a solemn oath against ever again messing with the Benjaminites, they decided to get some nice Jewish girls from the tribe of Gad, which had stayed out of the war, we are suddenly informed.

Yes, the tribe of Gad, just across the Jordan River, had stayed out of the war, it says in Judges 21, though the previous chapter had specifically stated that "all the children of Israel" ganged up on the Benjaminites. Howbeit soever, in order to procure brood-wives for the endangered Benjaminites, the Gaddite town of Jabesh-gilead is sacked and "four hundred young virgins" carried off screaming. And thus all things are lovely.

Except, of course, for the embarrassing discrepancy between Chapters 20 and 21. Now, either the Gaddites were in the war or they weren't. You can't have it both ways. If they *were*, then Judges 21:8 is either lying or in error. If they *weren't*, then Judges 20:1 is absolutely invad. The hell with it, look it up. There's only one way around it, and that is to affirm that God, in His infinite power, temporarily created two identical sets of Gaddites, the real set staying at home unaligned, while their weird doppelgängers patriotically wiped out the Benjaminites, and then promptly vanished into thin air.

And this is creepy enough to think about, but there's more: You *must* have noticed the eerie similarity between the rude behavior of Gibeah's "Sons of Belial" and the doomed Sodomites, right? And

also the alleged holy men's response to it, sure. Well, maybe the same bizarre and repugnant thing happened twice in a thousand years—that's not statistically improbable—and both events *happened* to be recorded, in virtually identical language. *Proof*, why not, of *One Author!!*

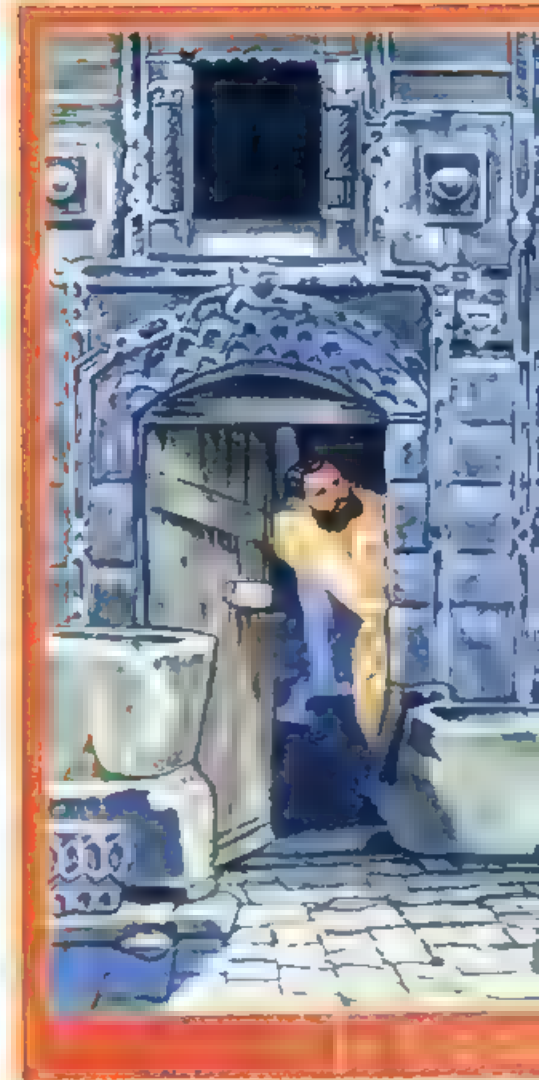
* * *

Thou hast also committed whoredoms with the Egyptians thy neighbors, great of flesh, and hast increased thy whoredoms, to provoke me to anger. . . . Thou hast also played the whore with the Assyrians, because thou wast insatiable; yea, thou hast played the harlot with them, and yet couldst not be satisfied. . . . Because thy filthiness was poured out, and thy nakedness discovered through thy whoredoms with thy lovers. . . . For in her youth they lay with her, and bruised the breasts of her virginity, and poured their whoredoms upon her. . . . And the Babylonians came to her in the bed of love, and they defiled her with whoredom, and she was polluted with them. . . . For she doted upon their paramours, whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is the issue of horses.

Ezekiel, passim

Splendid stuff, splendid. Donkey-cock and horse-come, and they want *this* to be taught in American elementary schools instead of evolution. When he wasn't describing interstellar time-warp transportation devices and their tall, blue-eyed Nordic proprietors (ref. E. Von Daniken, *Chariots of the Gods?*, etc.), this Ezekiel person was obsessively detailing the everyday activities of hookers, right down to the odor of their venereal discharges and the dimensions of their customers' big black throbbing *mentulae*. About the time the Greeks were inventing a word for it—"pornography," or "literature of whores"—Ezekiel was pumping it out as though Larry Flynt were paying him a shekel a verse. Of course, we know the prophet was only *symbolically* forecasting the fall of Judah to the Assyrian Empire, a grim fate she brought onto herself around 586 B.C. by her shameless policy of *trading* with these idolators (though how she could have avoided it, trade or no trade, sure beats me)—but all good reformist intentions notwithstanding, this book is *decidedly* rank.

Like most ancient fiction, porno or not, Ezekiel's prose palpably stinks of misogyny, a neurotic fear and hatred of women. But lest you get the idea the Author here is some sort of gash-haung ayatollah, check out The Song of Songs, Which Is Solomon's.



How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roses that are twins. Thy neck is as a tower of ivory. . .

Head to toe, this damsel is choice centerfold material, and the young fellow she herself describes in response to this flattery is a mouth-watering prospect as well: "His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires, his legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. . . . His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand embrace me." From the day of Solomon to this day, some 3,000 years now, tasteful and accomplished swains have invoked the sweetly purple passages of this document in the seduction of sensitive maidens, and, by Heaven, it pays off more often than not! You have to be discriminating, though, and edit out some of the more awkward erotic metaphors: "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. . . . Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus."

This is shameless, wanton stuff. Come to think of it, outside of the Greek poetry



of Sappho (c. 600 B.C., and a *highly* liberated woman), this is virtually the only wholesomely erotic material that was composed in all the ages of antiquity. This is not to say the rest of the Bible is entirely composed of Redeeming Social Content, though—far from it. A quick appraisal of King David, just to finish up on a high note, ought to offer a hint at the broad variety of “moral teachings” available in the Old Testament alone.

Now, we all know how David greased Goliath the Philistine in his comely youth, around 1000 B.C., and sang King Saul out of the vapours on his magic harp. Later on, though, we discover David launching a guerrilla war *against* Saul, even enlisting himself in the Philistine cavalry to help push the crazy old duffer off the throne of Israel. As a hilt fighter, David is realistic and ruthless, extorting supplies from isolated farmers by the well-known “protection” tactic. When one of these, Nabal, refuses to fork over his customary tithe, David growls that he’s done this hayseed ingrate a lot of favors in the past, and “*So now and more do God unto the enemies of David, if I leave of all that pertaineth to him by the morning any that pisseth against the wall.*” Nabal’s wife

“THEY KNEW HER, AND ABUSED HER, ALL THE NIGHT UNTIL THE MORNING.”

promptly coughs up the requested ordnance, lest her household be wiped out to the last puppy.

Through a temporary alliance with the abominated Philistines, David presently has King Saul and his family butchered, and establishes a brand-new throne in Jerusalem. This throne evidently offers a fine view of the adjacent high-rises, because one day King David glances out the window and beholds a beautiful naked lady bathing on a roof. She is Bathsheba, it turns out, sworn spouse to Uriah the Hittite, a mercenary captain in David’s army. After sumptuously entertaining this poor cluck at a state banquet, David privily instructs his bloody-handed C-in-C., Joab “*Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die.*” Before very long, Bathsheba is in short order a widow, and then the very most celebrated performer in King David’s all-star harem.

Now this may sound unprincipled, even a little cheesy, but let’s face it, this Uriah *was* only a filthy Hittite, and the fewer of those goose-stepping proto-Nazis the better, believe me. Frankly, you just can’t help but like David a *whole* lot. His personality was strong enough to burst through all the pious revisions of the later scribes and translators of the Bible, and you know this guy really, truly existed, and exactly what he was like.

See, another great thing he did right after his coronation was to demand the hand of Michal, his predecessor’s daughter, in marriage. He clearly had no time for this bitch, but he boasted that he had already bought her from Saul when he was still alive, in exchange for “*a hundred foreskins of the Philistines.*” Knowing exactly what she was worth, then, Michal came to live as queen of Israel in David’s new palace, where we can be sure Bathsheba gave her no *end* of aggravation.

Comes the great day, in II Samuel 6, that David at last moves the venerated Ark of the Covenant into Jerusalem, exuberantly leading the parade himself “*Michal Saul’s daughter looked through a window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart.*” Over supper that night, then, a domestic quarrel: “*How glorious was the King of Israel today,*” Queen Michal seethes sarcastically, “*who*

uncovered himself in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows uncovers himself.”

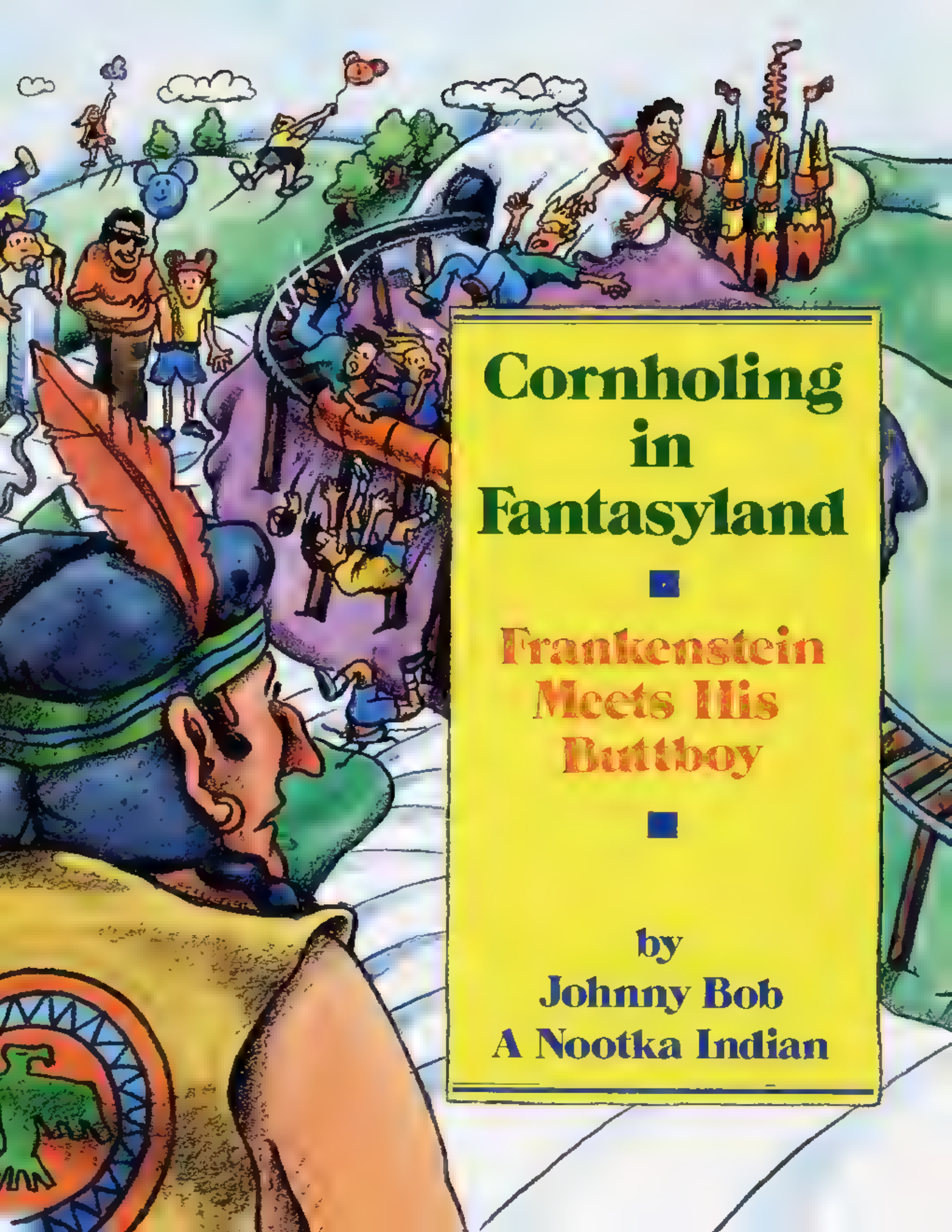
David’s scathing response to this tight-assed prudery is only one of the countless little-known swatches of Chapter and Verse that may fruitfully be memorized and flung back into the teeth of modern-day Bible thumpers.

And David said unto Michal, it was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father over the people of the Lord, over Israel; therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will be yet more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight; and of the maidservants thou has spoken of, of them I shall be had in honor.

Forsooth, some of those very maidservants gave birth to royal bastards who grew up to be very important indeed, immortal even, while “*Michal the daughter of Saul had no child unto the day of her death.*”

Everyone should read the Bible, especially those who stand to suffer the most from this latest reawakening of American religiosity, like homosexuals and welfare mothers. There’s nothing new to this Born-Again malarkey, it comes through us all like a great shrivening dose of salts every couple generations, you can damn near set your watch by it. In the early 1800s there was a wave of Holy Rollers and camptown preachers, in the late 1800s we had Christian Eugenecist race purifiers and Henry Ward Beecher, early in this century there were snake handlers and Aimee Semple MacPherson, and now there’s this lot. They’re only minimally dangerous—even when they gang up like this with the political Right to swing elections—because every time they gang up together and get a taste of real power, they promptly fall out right away. No sooner does everyone who wants Jesus have Jesus, than the big cult leaders commence accusing each other of various piss-abled heresies, and after a lively period of sectarian violence we all go back to being fashionably unreligious again.

This is what certain other uncircumcised infidels call the Wheel of Death and Rebirth. A careful reading of the Holy Bible is one thoroughly enjoyable way of breaking out of this deplorable cycle. □



Cornholing in Fantasyland

**Frankenstein
Meets Ilis
Buttboy**

**by
Johnny Bob
A Nootka Indian**

So much for the scumsuckers, backbiters and fast-talking, self-promoting, coked-up leeches that slither along Rodeo Drive on the prowl, ever ready to belly up to this year's model. Fuck those jackals, thought Johnny Bob. I need a rest. And who better to spend Christmas Day with than Mickey, Minnie and Tinkerbell.

The following is purely a figment of the sick imagination of a Nootka madman in the throes of terminal delirium tremens. Read it at your own risk...



AWAKENING AT NOON, RATHER EARLY FOR JOHNNY, HE WONDERED WHAT TO DO. HOW TO mark this, the second most consequential day of the Christian calendar. He considered rounding up a mob of priests, whipping them up into a frenzy with a fanatic speech or two, then leading them all in a frenzied mob against the homes and businesses of innocent Jews to avenge the death of Christ. Then he remembered. That was Easter anyway. And where would he find enough priests for a mob on such short notice in a strange city.

No, Johnny decided it would be better to go to Disneyland. On Christmas Day the crowds would be small. Composed of families so bereft of any heritage at all that all they could think to do together when most gather to reaffirm the bonds of love that had been strained for an entire year was go ride a plastic log down a towering fiberglass alp. The mighty Matterhorn, most masterful of the illusions born of the beloved genius who created a menagerie of talking mice, madcap ducks, dimbulb dogs—amusing and entertaining characters whose antics helped to form the minds of presidents of the USA and others.

Disney himself may be long dead and frozen, but his creations go on. Children still marvel today at his works “black holes,” which held newborn babies silent with rapturous wonder or had toddlers screaming and crying, no doubt for more. The traditional values to be found in the movies produced by the Disney studios helped to teach the young generation the difference between right and wrong. If the generation later showed a marked preference for everything wrong, it was hardly the fault of Disney studios. Disney did his best. If highly intelligent dogs, kindly bachelor-type men in rough plaid shirts and crusading German economy cars and actress Hayley Mills couldn't teach a generation right from wrong, then maybe there was something wrong with that generation. Hooked on pot, maybe, or damaged by polio vaccinations. Maybe there was something wrong with their eyes or something. Walt himself lived long enough to be puzzled by kids who talked and threw popcorn during his movies. Just to be on the safe side Disney had his own head examined by the same master mechanics who built the hippos in Jungleland. Walt's head was judged A-OK. Something was wrong with the nation.

No doubt had Walt Disney been able to live forever as he had planned we would have puzzled the whole matter out by now. Or by years ago. President Kennedy would never have been shot and there would have been no mechanical version of him constructed. We would have lost a marvelous creation but in balance we would have retained a great president.

Richard Nixon would have been a good, clean-mouthed president, and the only thing deleted from his term would have been the Vietnam War. Spiro Agnew would never have taken money, and his son Randy would never have become a figure of controversy. His sexual identity would never have been called into question any more than would that of his model, Fred MacMurray

"I could tell you stories about this place. The other day this popcorn vendor had his hand down a little boy's pants."

Alas, however, it was not to be. Senility alone is generally not a fatal disease; however, over a number of years and in combination with other factors such as renal failure, systolic dysfunction, and a massive blood clot as big as a j-cloth jammed in the aorta, it contributed to Walt's death. Had the beloved father of Mickey Mouse and others only reached for the phone and called for help instead of pushing his reading-glasses case down the front of his pajamas he might still have been... well, it's too late now.

Walt's body lies frozen 90 times colder than the coldest Swanson dinner on your grocer's shelf. In the same way you heat up a meal in a few minutes, scientists one day hope to be able to heat up Walt Disney and serve him up to a hungry America.

Who knows when this will be. Disney employees are working 'round the clock under the guidance of the master craftsman who built the realistic hippos that actually seem to open their mouths at boaters traveling through Jungletland. If anyone can bring Walt back and make him look realistic as well, it is the same inspired craftsmen who perfectly countersunk the hafts of billiard cues in the hippo's mouth in such a way you'd almost believe they were teeth. But restoring Walt to us in time for the completion of the Japanese Disneyland seems unlikely. A giant mouse employed to sell balloons during peak season accidentally filled his balloons from the nitrogen bottle designed to keep Walt fresh. Before the mistake was discovered the husband of Minnie Mouse was partially thawed. This makes the task of returning him to life more difficult. For like thawed minute steak he may have "lost some of his flavor." What effect the thawing may have on humans is unknown. Whatever it may be, Walt Disney's work will never lose its flavor for the millions who eat it raw every day.

"Besides, Disneyland not being crowded today and all, it's a good time to talk to the mice walking around." So thought the Indian narrator.

"Hot in there, I bet," said Johnny to the first mouse.

"Hot as hell. I put some ice on my balls but it melted already. Disney's such a fucking genius, he could make a mouse with



cross ventilation."

The second time Johnny talked to a duck.

"I hate it in here. Two years ago I used to shoot robbers in Frontierland. Fresh air. Small feet, no heavy beak to support. Then one day they said I was a drug addict, no trial or nothin', and told me I'd be less of a problem out of sight. It never would have happened if the old man was alive."

"Who, Walt?" asked Johnny.

"Fuck him, the loony old tyrant. My old man. Used to be general maintenance supervisor of the whole crooked circus. Made a pile, too. Hid it so well I haven't found it in fifteen years. Only thing I haven't done is dig the old man up."

"Maybe you should," Johnny gazed compassionately at the unlucky duck.

"Fuck no, I check

him and the box over before I let a clod of earth rain down on his deceitful old corpse. Got even a bit, I guess. He'd be pissed if he knew I buried him in a dog cemetery. Saved money. My money."

"Is this place really so crooked?" Johnny asked the duck.

"Christ, yeah. Friday night I saw the old man bring home fifteen hundred cash. Minimum. That was his chunk of the action. He got four percent. You got to figure a total take, figure they were fucking him out of at least ten percent total take of maybe a couple hundred grand anyway. Gravy."

"How? How do they do it?"

The duck glanced about to see that they would not be overheard. "You seem like a nice fella. I wouldn't tell you this except I know you're not a detective. The principles of the Disney organization would never allow them to employ an Indian to spy on a white man. Or sell cotton even outside of Frontierland. Can't blame them after what your people did to ours at Little Big Horn. A fair fight is one thing, but that."

"How do they steal all this cash?" interrupted the Nootka.

"Lotsa ways. Balloon men don't use regulation balloons they're issued. They slip in cheap Jap balloons made out of old G.I. condoms from Okinawa. Cost about a nickel a dozen. Balloon a buck, so they slip in a dozen of those and one for expense and that's twelve bucks. More if the guy's

**“‘For Christ sake, put your cock away,’ I say.
‘Show some respect for the dead.’”**

cutting his helium by mixing it with air or truck exhaust or just plain underfilling the balloons. Watch how often they don't bother to blow the mouse's ears right up. Right there save a nickel. It all adds up at the end of the day.

“Anyway, the really big money is in cheating foreigners. Iranians, Chinks. Half the time they don't know the difference between a sawbuck and a buck. If they do complain, threaten to throw 'em to the hippos. They're all chickenshit of those hippos. They think they're real. If they keep making a fuss, throw 'em to the hippos. Call a couple of mice and a duck and heave-ho.

“The security guards fish them out. The guards don't do nothing if it's only a Chunk or an Arab or something. They get their cut like everybody else...

“I could tell you stories about this place. Sometimes I don't believe myself what goes on here. The other day I see this popcorn vendor with his hand down a little boy's pants. Hey, we might be crooks but we don't go for that shit. That's sicko stuff. I grab the guy's arm like I'm going to break it off. The kid don't even notice the guy's not copping his little joint no more.

“‘Wait a minute, you got me wrong,’ says this goof. ‘I'm no perve. Look!’ Sure enough, he opens his hand and he got a bunch of ride tickets he's grabbed out of the kid's drawers. He sells them back to the vendor for half price and it's back to square one. Well, like it or not there's nothing perverted about glomming a kid's tickets. I don't do it myself. I make enough on the side selling empty film cartridges to camera bugs. But some of these guys will try anything. Last year we had to muscle some dumbbo janitor. He was chargin' kids half price to stick 'em on the Matterhorn ride halfway down. He'd wait 'til a car with an empty space or a gap between riders came by, then he'd tell the kid to grab something and he'd throw him on. Couple of times he muscled and the kids shot down on their backs. If a kid dies here it hurts us all. We all know what to do. Because no matter how careful you are it's bound to happen every so often unless you wanta spend a lot of time fuckin' with a lot of safety equipment. So when it happens you get the kid out of there fast. Get rid of him. Better his parents should think he's been kidnapped and might be alive than they should know he was poisoned by gas from a fluorescent light tube that blows up as a fault of the Taiwanese Chinks who made it so cheap. So we get rid of the kids.

“The other day we had a bad one. I get the signal. The kid's



in the House of Horrors. When I get there there's this big guy—the new Frankenstein—standing there like an idiot. ‘This never happened before,’ he says. You understand this guy's only been on the job a couple of weeks. I figure maybe he's never seen a dead kid before. Well, I knew this big guy was a queer, you know. Had a thing with the mummy guy, also in the Horror House. Convenient, I guess, both of them queers and workin' in the same place, pretty dark and all. I leave them alone—I figure it's their own business if they want to be queer. It's a job for the

police, that kind of personal crime. At first I don't connect. Nothing makes sense—the kid is lying there on his back, perfectly normal looking for a dead person.

“‘What the hell happened this time?’ I say to the guy who's snuffing away and then I notice his fly is open and his joint is hanging out.

“I still don't catch onto what's happened—the guy seems sincerely upset by the corpse.

“‘For Christ sake, put your cock away,’ I say. ‘Show some respect for the dead, even if it isn't our fault he died. It might have been worse. His brother might have been with him an' got killed by the same thing.’

“Right then the guy broke down and the whole story came out. When he was finished I probably would have puked, except I worked as a custodian—I know what it's like to clean that stuff up.

“The kid had wandered back—in fact, he was with his brother. The two of them started talking to the Frankenstein. They said they were twelve years old and their aunt had dropped them off for a day at Disneyland because their parents were dead and their aunt hated their guts. The Frankenstein swore one of the kids said he'd rather be a woman anyway, and put his hand in his lap for a grope. The boy then offered to let the monster shank him up the ass behind the scrim of a skeleton diorama if the monster would give them each five bucks for food. Franky baby then asked what the other kid was going to do for his money.

“‘Oh, he's not queer,’ said the first kid, ‘he just likes to watch.’ So, believe it or not, the monster takes back three bucks from the kid who's watching. The three of them go behind the scrim and the boy jerks down his shorts and bends over. He grabs hold of this metal shield cable running across the back of the scrim. The cable carrying two-twenty volts to the dancing skeletons. The Frankenstein asks the kid if he's ever committed

Frankenstein asks the kid if he's ever bum-holed before. Sure, plenty of times, with a math teacher, a bail bondsman as well as several Chinese grocers at once.

bum-holing before and the kid says sure, plenty of times, with a math teacher and a bail bondsman as well as several Chinese grocers at once. The Frankenstein goes into real detail about how the kid was a real big homo and all. Finally, I tell him to shut up and tell me what happened next. Well, the boy found it painful, apparently, so the Frank—whose joint could throw a scare in a pretty big mamba—the Frank comes back with the grease and starts jamming away like a regular old pervert. All the while the kid is talking to his brother about how good it feels. Then the kid starts to moan and grunt like an animal and Frank puts all he got behind his pecker, and the coil of metal on the cable starts to come apart but Frank doesn't pay no attention because it was like he was in a trance, and suddenly he's about to shoot his wad and a tremendous flash hit him everywhere at once and he wakes up flat on his back on the floor. The kid caught hold of the live



cable and the two-twenty electric juice ran right through the kid up his ass and knocked that monster cold as a sledgehammer. When he wakes up, he finds the kid is dead. He pulls the kid's pants up so no one will know he's a queer and he can be buried in a church, and then he calls me. That's how I find him there, his joint hanging out, in tears. Right away I realized we had to find the other kid, the brother, before he had a chance to talk. I called security and they grabbed him a couple minutes later trying to rip off a toddler's candy apple.

"What are you gonna do to him?" blubbered the monster. I never seen a guy in such bad shape. It was like he was going to pieces. I told him to take the day off. That we'd take care of everything. He kept asking if we were going to hurt the other kid. I told him Walt would never allow it. I told him we gave the kid an advanced type of drug based on the same stuff as LSD but twice as powerful and that it would wipe out the kid's whole mind. He wouldn't remember his brother, even.

"Naturally, we had to blow the kid away. We had no other choice. It was knock him off or risk having our whole operation blown. So we took the tykes down and dumped them in the

shredder. They come out of there in boxes. Don't ask me what happens to what's in those boxes. Dog food. It makes me sick to think of some poor old people in Chicago might get turned into cannibals eating that stuff."

The duck turned as if to go.

"Wait," said Johnny, "what happened to the Frankenstein?"

"Well, after that we couldn't very well let him hang around in the dark where he might be exposed to temptations. The fried kid's brother backed up the monster's story all the way. So we gave him another job. He's a mouse now."

He turned to go.

"The other funny thing? He ain't queer no more. The bolt of juice in the cock must have straightened him out. He fucks women now. Waitresses, cleaning women, whores. If you ask me, they all should get that treatment. You know, if they could find a way to insulate the boys so the shock goes straight out their ass without killin'

them or nothing. If Walt were alive, he'd find a way. Old Mr Disney always found a way. Damn him anyway."

Johnny Bob walked out through the gates in the parking lot and he saw a sad-looking man taking off a mouse suit. The man smiled at Johnny and waved.

"Neighborly fellow," thought Johnny, and starting his rented automobile, drove to the airport oblivious of the tiny roar of the cheap flimsy piece of machinery he was steering.

On the flight back to New York Johnny watched several black men savagely rape Jacqueline Bisset on a tropical beach.

Walt Disney, thought Johnny, would no doubt have approved of the message to Americans. Though Johnny doubted whether he would have countenanced really black actors touching the breasts of a white actress. He would have animated it. That was his genius.

A year later on Christmas Day Johnny wondered why his agent hadn't called. He thought maybe he should switch. Then he remembered his agent, Sheldon, had been killed with all those others by a maniac. We pay a heavy price in maniacal homicides for our civilization. Not too heavy, Johnny hoped.

TRENCHTOWN, U.S.A.



by Mabrak

The first time I saw the dread Screaming he had a gun in his hand, intimidating a group of other dreads in a small apartment on Crown Street in Brooklyn. He was angry as he waved the Smith & Wesson .38 special around, threatening to shoot if they did not allow his woman to leave the apartment uninhibited. The dreads responded with chants of "Blood and Fire!" in thunderous tones, stomping their feet with every utterance. The building seemed to shake at its foundation. Screaming and his gun, however, won the day and his girl friend was released without harm. That was 1974.

The next time I encountered Screaming was in 1977. I started living in an apartment building beside his. He still carried a gun and had to be looking over his shoulder whenever he was in the streets. I remember one day (about a week before the famed New York blackout) as I came out of my building six police cars, sirens wailing, came to a screeching halt in front of the apartment building in which he resided. Six officers dashed upstairs and within five minutes they

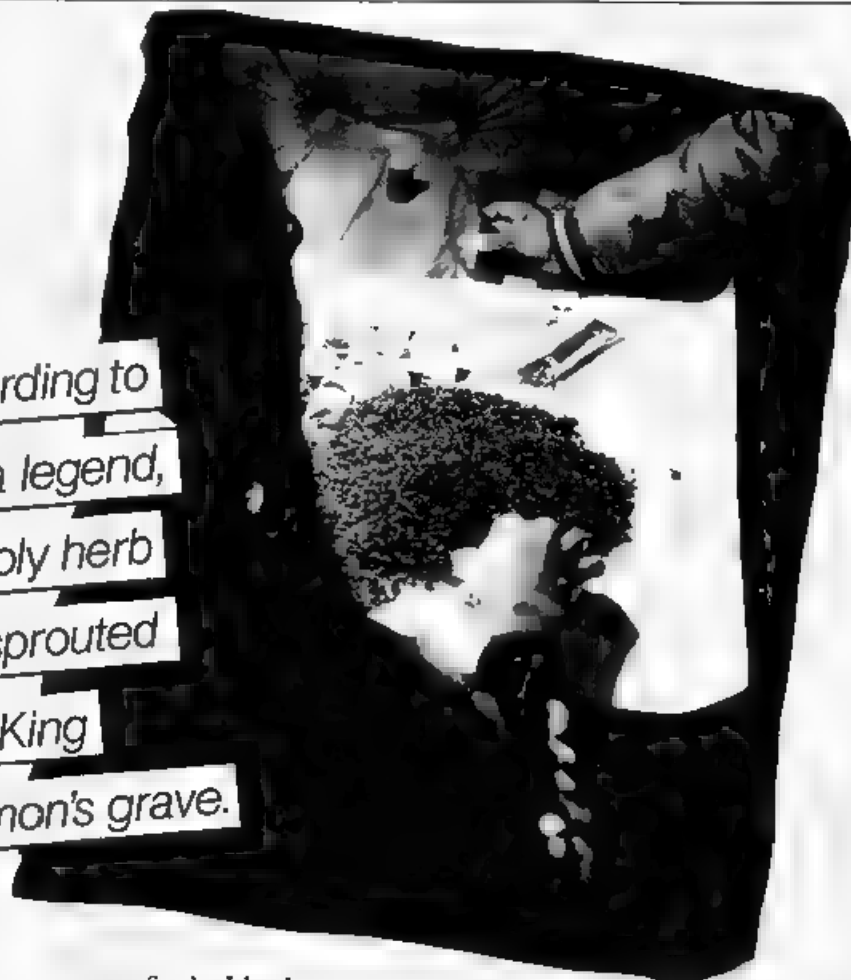
came back down. Screaming and two of his bredrens were handcuffed and shoved in the rear of a police vehicle that quickly sped off to the 71st Precinct. Another policeman came down a few minutes later with a cache of weapons that included one shotgun and two handguns. By the next day Screaming was out in the streets again. His bredrens would absorb the gun charge so he could be free to secure their bail bond.

Screaming by trade was a hustler. He hustled off everyone, including his many baby mothers. He sometimes dabbled in herb dealings, but he was a bad businessman and could not be trusted. His main vocation was that of a stick-up artist. He made many enemies in the dread community. His time was short. Screaming was not feared. He was not the type one would fear. He was not bad, not a killer, but he was known to push his weight around amongst the younger dreads, especially those from Trinidad.

For the next three years I had no significant encounters with Screaming. At

times he would buy herb from us to hustle in the parks or from his apartment. The next time I heard mention of his name was in May 1980, when a young woman with whom I am acquainted told me in a telephone conversation, "Screaming dead. Them shot him last night at a party in Brooklyn." Yes, time had finally stopped for Screaming. The cold hands of death had embraced him, had snuffed out his light, darkness became his due. One bullet in the head and five in the chest, Screaming lay sprawled face down on the kitchen floor of a rundown house on Tilden Avenue in Brooklyn. Thus party like many of its type ended in blood and death. About two weeks before his demise Screaming had bullied a young Trinidadian dread, took away his pistol and embarrassed him. It was that same dread who with help from certain accomplices including Screaming's date set him up and ended his life at the age of 22. He was unarmed. His killer made a clean getaway and left the country

According to
Rasta legend,
the holy herb
first sprouted
from King
Solomon's grave.



the following morning for the Islands.

Screamin's case is not unique. It is a common reality that confronts every dreadlock, every Rastaman that lives in New York and is involved in the selling of marijuana. The concept of herb hustling being a flashy and money-making venture might be true in the case of the big-time distributor, but for the young dreadlocks it just about provides a meager existence, an existence that involves high-risk situations, jail and even death.

Dealing marijuana over the last decade has become a booming business in New York City. New York is aptly titled the "nickel bag" center of America. In no other city has herb hustling become so uninhibited and commonplace. In making money from herb New York has to be the most lucrative place on the face of the globe. It has become in effect the basis for an underground economy, providing untaxed income for thousands that ranges up to \$250,000 per week.

Although organized crime is the main distributor of marijuana, it is not the sole supplier. Smuggling of the herb by independents via airplanes and boats through the ports of New York and Miami can transform a small-timer to a prosperous hustler. For organized crime dealers, marijuana represents a major aspect of their multimillion-dollar drug industry. It is significant to them merely as a money-maker, a very big money-maker. Herb, for instance, cost the Mafia

about \$25 per pound weight. It is then resold to the middleman for about \$300 to \$350 a pound. The middleman in turn retails the herb for \$450 per pound.

The middleman plays an important role in the marijuana industry, as it is he who secures and insures the invisibility of the organized elements from the disorganized elements, the street hustlers. The middleman in short is a contact who has a direct line to the supplier. He at times, however, may find his position precarious as he represents a target to hit and one that upon default of business deals with his supplier will be hit. A middleman will never disclose his supplier; as far as he is concerned he is the supplier.

The heartbeat of the business, however, is the street hustler. He is the one that functions with the people, he provides the goods and services upon their demand. The Rastaman is a trueborn street hustler. It seems he naturally has what it takes to establish and hold his own in a rough and rugged business. Rastafarians are mostly immigrants, the majority of them coming from Jamaica, the others from Trinidad, Guyana and other parts of the West Indies. To these others, herb is valued for what it can do financially. To the Rastaman, herb is a daily sacrament. It is used to manifest a spiritual function; to them that will ever be its main purpose.

As most Rastas will tell you, they prefer to smoke the weed rather than sell it. But in order to function self-sufficiently in a society that has rejected them, and who they in turn have rejected, the hustling of herb is necessary. It establishes the economical freedom that guarantees their nonparticipation, their nonsupport of a system that they decry and abhor.

To the Rastaman, America's foundations are built from the vestiges of past Babylonian empires, like Sodom and Gomorrah. Empires that flourished materially but were so corrupted and so without fear of God that they were eventually destroyed. To the Rastaman in the West, the main objective in life is repatriation to Africa. His purpose in America is to chant down negativeness and establish righteousness, and in so doing make enough money to repatriate his family and himself to Africa or the Caribbean.

Living in New York is hell as far as Rastafarians are concerned. They find no delight in this concrete captivity, but they must survive in it, and hustling marijuana partially ensures their material survival. It would be misleading, however, to say that all Rastafarians sell herbs to make their living: A small minority do not. Hustling nickels and dimes enables a Rastaman to pay rent, feed and clothe his family and maybe fulfill some of his material visions. To the Rastaman there is no negative stigma whatsoever attached to holy herb, the wisdom weed that first, according to Rasta legends, sprouted from King Solomon's grave. The Bible provides their defense for using herb. The rise of Rastafarian communities in the New York area heralded a new era in herb hustling. The Rastas form the core of the herb hustlers, bringing with them new methods that added an air of sophistication and colorfulness to a hard and dry business. Rastas hustle herb from 24 stores that can be either one of three types: the rebuilt storefront, or herb shop; the converted apartment or "herb gates"; a specific street corner or "hustling zone." The stores are usually located in ghetto and semighetto areas in the city's five boroughs. The borough of Brooklyn has the largest concentration of herb stores, particularly in the Bedford-Stuyvesant, Crown Heights, Flatbush, Bushwick and Brownsville areas.

To ensure success herb shops must be located in heavily trafficked areas or near densely populated communities. A store is usually small, but built up to be literally impregnable from robbers. Business is transacted from behind thick, bulletproof glass, the money and herb being passed through a small cubicle cut in the glass. Stores are usually stacked with basic dry-good items, toilet articles and refreshments. They're open from about 8 A.M. until very late at night. Some are even open 24 hours a day. The majority of

In the herb business,
many will tell
you, "Guns are
necessary. It's too
hot out there not to
have one."



them are owned by middlemen or by independents, united to form an unofficial syndicate bound together by friendship and oneness of beliefs and desires. For a store to run efficiently in this very competitive business the operators must have a constant supply of quality "cannabis" to survive. Stores located in areas where business is good can turn as much as three to four pounds of reefer per day in nickel bags, approximately \$1,800 to \$2,200 per day of which about \$600 to \$800 is clear profit. Most operators of shops are paid a straight salary and receive no dividends from the profit that is made.

To convert an apartment into an outlet is not difficult, once an acceptable place is found in a fairly receptive building (a ground floor apartment being the primary choice, as it is most convenient and accessible). First, the windows are barred with steel gates and the doors double reinforced with crossbars. "Herb gates" are usually sparsely furnished, having no more than the bare essentials, along with a television or stereo to provide recreation



and entertainment. The apartment ready, the herb is then achieved and bagged up in \$5 and \$3 bags (nickels and treys). Half ounces and ounces are sold upon demand. Prices vary from \$50 to \$70 per ounce and \$25 to \$35 for a half ounce. Business is transacted in darkness by cracking the door just enough to allow the transfer or through peepholes that have been adapted for such purposes. Apartment operations

are owned and operated by single persons or by partnerships. A thriving apartment setup can do just as well as any shop, although the majority of them do not. Apartment operations are less visible and more community-linked than are shops. Their survival depends a lot upon them interacting positively with their environment.

Hustling herb on street corners is done mainly by Hispanics and Americans. The Rastaman is not really

active in this capacity as it offers no protection or camouflage for someone who by his unique appearance can be easily detected. The street hustler has little or no control over supply and demand. Those areas are controlled by organized crime and the actions of law-enforcement agencies.

In the business of dealing marijuana, as in any business, protection is necessary. Herb dealers are potential targets. Their line of business makes them sitting ducks for gunmen and robbers. To balance these

"When herb becomes involved in commerce, it is no longer pure. Herb and money is blood."

circumstances, the world-renowned equalizer is utilized. Guns are purchased on the street or by traveling to Miami, where they are purchased from shops legally. With the rising incidence of violence and death stemming from tribal warfare among different groups, guns have become common sights in most herb houses. In the herb business many will tell you, "Guns are necessary. It's too hot out there not to have one."

In asking a dread in Brooklyn why he thought a gun necessary, he retorted in very serious tones, "I don't think I need it. I know I need it." He continued, "I hustle ganja to survive. They are those who masquerade as Rastas, but their sole intention is to locate another Rastaman business and try to plunder it. Many times killing whoever is inside. I am not going to run. I have a family to support, so I am prepared to make a stand and defend what I own with these." He produced two firearms; I took note of one 9mm and one .38 special. He returned the guns to their hiding place and said, "Man, when I used to hustle herb in Bushwick, I never answered the door without my trigger cocked and ready. That's how hot it gets sometimes."

Conflicts between Rastafarian herb dealers and local American hustlers do occur. Sometimes they are quelled after the initial contacts (usually some pistol whipping or just plain asskicking). Other times it can lead to all-out warfare as in the case of the recent trouble in Corona,

Queens. That war has already claimed from six to eight lives and promises to get worse before it gets better.

Conflicts between different factions of Rastafarian hustlers are common. Over the last four years certain areas of the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens have been made a literal no-man's-land. In Brooklyn is the headquarters of a well-armed and dangerous gang that will remain unnamed. Well organized, they breed terror, war and strife for the operators of marijuana outlets. They survive by taxing the other operators, ripping off and eliminating their rivals. They are located mainly in the Vandevere, Coney Island and Flatbush sections of Brooklyn, and in parts of the Bronx and Queens. Wherever they go they leave behind them a trail of spent shells. Many of these gangs like the above mentioned are not Rastafarians, even if some of their members are dreadlocks. A lot of them are e-dreads who fight strongly against the true Rastaman. But whatever, they are without a doubt ruthless killers.

There is no love lost between the police force and the Rastafarian community. Who they are individually and what they represent symbolically makes of them natural enemies. The police represent the protectors of a corrupt, racist, oppressive and hypocritical system; the Rastafarians are those chosen to fight unceasingly against such unholy manifestations. The police by his vocation represents a threat to the material survival of the Rastaman and to his personal freedom. The Rastaman by his attitude is a threat to any society that exists by suppressing the true human expression. Guns, though, are rarely used against the police to prevent a bust. To shoot a policeman is still taboo.

A bust is accomplished by an undercover agent purchasing a bag with marked bills. The police then surround the building and storm the front door to gain entrance. The double-reinforced doors sometimes give the dwellers enough time to hide off their contraband and weapons in inconspicuous places known as "lock off." After they have gained entrance to a herb house, whether they have or have not found any incriminating evidence, the police more often than not will end up brutalizing the occupants. Any police officer that has raided marijuana houses operated by dreads will tell of the bone-chilling fear that grips them as they enter the apartment. Inside it is usually pitch black and they can be greeted with anything from bullets to bloodcurdling deafening chants—"Death to the black and white downpressors, blood, fire, hotter fireburn them dead, now lightning, brimstone, fire, kill them dead before them spread." Even so, the police entertain an unnatural fear and hatred of dreadlocks that goes beyond the fact of their being natural enemies.

Antagonistic as they are as a whole, certain individuals of the police force do enjoy a different relationship with certain bredrens, as in the case of a Brooklyn cop known affectionately as Big Jim. Big Jim made profitable returns from busting herb houses and chaneling the herb back into the streets through other dreads, but he was busted about a year ago and sent up for ten years, the victim of a smitch within the department. Another Brooklyn cop of fame is "Jimmy the Rasta cop," who, if he busted someone with herb and they had no guns, would give them back the herb and send them on their way. Cops in Queens have been known to make raids and, if a sizable amount of cash was found, take the cash and leave without preferring charges. In such a case they would be back the next week for another bust. In the case of dreads, police are more interested in getting their guns than their herb.

In analyzing the herb scene and its relationship to the Rastafarians and their beliefs, contradictions are obvious. The most obvious being the involvement of certain bredrens with organized crime. Such a relationship is paradoxical to the beliefs of the true Rastaman, who is representative of a righteous one. Another lies in the usage of the weapons of destruction. The man of peace, love and unity is forced by the unnatural oppression around him to defend himself with a gun with the probability of having to take life, to destroy another to secure his own. Another staggering contradiction is the fact that most acts of violence against dreads are committed by dreads. Dreads have also been used by organized crime as hit men, especially against dreads with whom they have some contention.

Marijuana today is an inescapable fact of life. In its usage lies a universal reality that has its roots since the beginning of time and the laws against its usage in America must be found obsolete. These laws have no function but to destroy the personal freedom of the citizen and corrupt their innocence by making them criminals. Regardless of what is written in the law books, marijuana is legalized by the government, by the people, if the people truly be (as is written) the government, and the government the people.

The business of dealing marijuana has fulfilled the dreams of some, for others it has destroyed the very fabric of their lives. It has secured many families, but has also made of women widows with fatherless children. For some, being in the business reflects a blessing; for many in jail and in the grave it has been a curse.

As one Rastafarian elder once told me, "Herb is pure only when you plant, reap and smoke. When it becomes involved in come hearse [commerce], it is no longer pure. It becomes tainted and corruptible. Herb and money is blood." □



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COMING ATTRACTIONS



What with the whole nation reeling from the effects of the current acid revival, wouldn't it be a shame if we suddenly found ourselves hip deep in the same old cosmic crapola that made us all look like such dips in the late '60s? Well, somebody should tell Warner Brothers to cool it, 'cause with the release of *Altered States* they've come dangerously close to evoking all that sloppy-minded garbage. Adapted from the Paddy Chayefsky book of the same name and directed by the irrepressible Ken Russell, *Altered States* is the account of one man's search for the Ultimate Truth.

Enter one Eddie Jessup, a brilliant young physiologist who has of late been spending his evenings diddling with an old isolation tank. Encouraged by these first faltering steps at transcendence, Jessup seeks out a remote South American Indian tribe and joins them in their sacred mushroom ceremony. Suffice it to say the experience knocks the young scientist's dick to his watchpocket. (Wait till you see what it does to your watchpocket.) He returns home to continue his sense deprivation experiments, only this time dosing himself liberally with a swig of the native's powerful hallucinogen. Remember 2001? It's all here: flashing lights and exploding colors in 70mm and Dolby stereo. But from here the thing gets really weird. So weird, in fact, that Jessup actually does stumble upon the Ultimate Truth, but as it kinda resembles something walking around in a Spideeman costume, you can't help feeling a little disappointed.

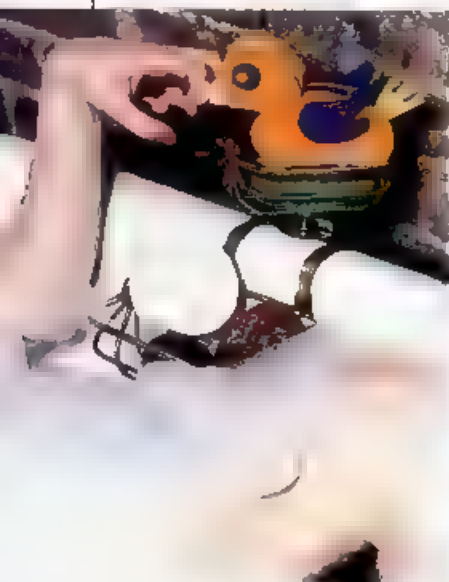
George Barkin

WE CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING YOU CAN'T DO IN THE BATH

It's not the hot water that leaves you breathless. To attain Jesse's state of bliss, here's what you'll need.

Right. Propping her up, the Better Sleep pillow; on the wall, Shell back brush.

Below In the Custom Decor brass soap dish, upper tier: squeezable sponge duck, Shell natural sponge, lower tier: lather up with Pears glycerine soap; a black bar from Magno; or a gentle olive-oil soap from Saint-Secret. *Below center:* From Gilchrist & Soames, left, Buttermilk Bath Salts in reusable stash can, far right, English Bath Salts. Crabtree & Evelyn Apricot Foaming Bath Gel and Jamaican scent after-bath splash. Scarborough Perfumers reusable bath sachet.



Photos by Richard Rosen

Sponge duck, potpourri, soaps, salts from The Soap Opera NYC. All other products from The Elegant John NYC.

pleasures...

High exteriors.

WINGING IT



Photos courtesy of British Airways

Ever since I was a child, I've been fascinated by the idea of flying. It's not just the thrill of taking to the skies, but the sense of freedom and adventure that comes with it. As a young boy, I would spend hours reading books about aviation, dreaming of the day I would be able to pilot my own plane. And now, as an adult, I have the opportunity to do just that. I've been lucky enough to fly on some of the world's most advanced aircraft, and I've experienced the incredible sights and sounds of flight from a pilot's perspective. It's a truly amazing experience, and I can't wait to share it with you.

We were climbing at a steady rate, and the view from the cockpit was absolutely stunning. The clouds were like a soft, white blanket below us, and the sun was shining brightly in the sky. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before. It was a truly magical moment, and I knew that I had found something special.

As I looked out the window, I saw the world from a whole new perspective. The mountains were like giant, snow-capped giants, and the rivers were like silver threads weaving through the landscape. It was a beautiful sight, and I knew that I had found something truly special.

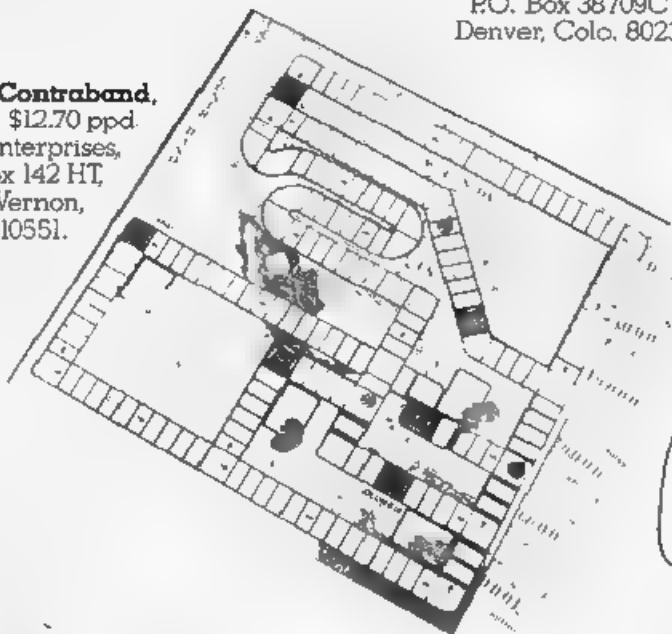


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Interview: Johnny Paycheck

continued from page 41

graves dug. Because when you start shooting smack, you're on the first step down the stairs to death. There's no way out of that son of a bitch. You see, I'll tell you this straight, there's not too many people stronger than I am. The majority can't do what I did. I mean, I'm the lucky son of a bitch. I guess my Lord helped me to do it. But there aren't many that can do that. So most just wind up in the fucking gutters and stairwells, needles in their arms. Give me a break. Is that the fucking chic thing to do?

High Times: Did you have a bad habit?

Paycheck: Yeah. I'd work just for that. If it hadn't been for my skill, I don't know what the fuck I would've done, 'cause I can't even dig a straight ditch. I'd have to have become a thief, and a... but I didn't. That's the chic thing to do? That's the ultimate death, man. It may take a while because these fucking people got lots of money and they keep her steady and never feel that fucking pain. But one day, it don't make a fuck how much money they got, it'll dig their ass to the grave. That's the damndest thing I ever heard, the chic thing to do!

I've seen those motherfuckers scream, wallow and cry. I just got mine and fuck them. It's the most inhuman thing to do. You're animals. A guy falls down, they

take his bullfold instead of helping him out. That's the chic thing to do. It's unbelievable. We been there. These motherfuckers, it's all new to them. It won't take them long to find out.

High Times: You never meet any happy junkies.

Paycheck: Not a motherfucking one. If you was happy, you'd have a straight face. That'd be about as happy as they going to get. Take a shower in the morning and that's as happy as they gonna get. It's nothing and from there on, they deteriorate. Sorry fucking shit, but you never see any shows or specials on it. Because nobody gives a fuck, that's why Cocaine is big. It's a political drug. D.A. busts a big man with cocaine—he's on his way to becoming governor. You understand what I mean?

High Times: But, you know, there's always people who want to tell other people what to do.

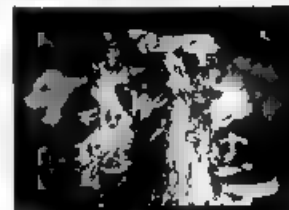
Paycheck: Yeah, the ones that don't know what the fuck to do themselves. Those are the same ones who tell you that. This cunt, excuse me honey, asshole, writes, this woman Ann Landers, or whatever her name is, she telling all these kids how to keep a relationship and her husband divorced her. It's the same thing. The ones that want to guide you are the ones that don't know where the fuck they're at. Legalize cocaine? They don't even want to talk about it. Of course,

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they'll sell you a gallon of fucking whiskey. More people dying from fucking whiskey than any other thing in the United States.

High Times: Do you think people are sometimes afraid of you? 'Cause of the image?

Paycheck: Sure they are. Lot of people afraid of me.

High Times: How do you deal with that?

Paycheck: I just let them know that I ain't really hard. I still look the part but, shut, I got them bluffed. I still got 'em bluffed. What they're afraid of is the image. And the reputation from years ago. I'm nothing like that now. Really, I would be if I had to be. I don't have to. Most people say after we become friends, Boy we was scared to death of you coming in here, they say, but you're really a nice guy. I said, Well, I could of told you that.

High Times: What about the outlaw thing? What does it mean to be an outlaw?

Paycheck: I was wearing this shit in the '50s. They didn't call you outlaw then. They called you trash. I try my best to bring dignity to that word. Derived from the word outcast.

High Times: Outcast?

Paycheck: Yeah. Outlaw-outcast. An outlaw is a guy who does what he believes in. He does it his way. And stands by it through anything and don't give a damn who likes it. Those who don't like it, fine. Just don't try to hurt him. If you do like it,

get on board 'cause we southbound, honey. And everybody's welcome. Just don't try to fuck with me. Don't try and change me.

High Times: Do you have regrets?

Paycheck: Not a damn one. I wouldn't change a thing in my life 'cause I think it makes me what I am. Right here talking to you, I change something, I might not be the same. I wouldn't want to do it again. But, if I had to, I wouldn't change nothing. No matter which way it goes, either way it's okay. You can't win all the time. There's a lot of losing. So you got to smile and take what comes.

High Times: You smile a lot now.

Paycheck: That's right. I was, I guess you could classify, a loser most of my life. Now I'm a winner or whatever.

High Times: Has losing made you a better winner?

Paycheck: Yup. Sure did. If you won all the time, never lost, then it wouldn't mean nothing to you. When you lose a lot then winning is a hell of a thing. I think a man handles it much better. Ten years ago—fuck I wouldn't have known how to handle it. When it came it was the right time. And if it had never come, my life has been grand. I have no regrets. I would have went out smiling. All you can give is all you got. After that, it don't work. You get on your horse and ride on. All us old cowboys never die. We just get fucked up and ride west. ☐

WARNING!



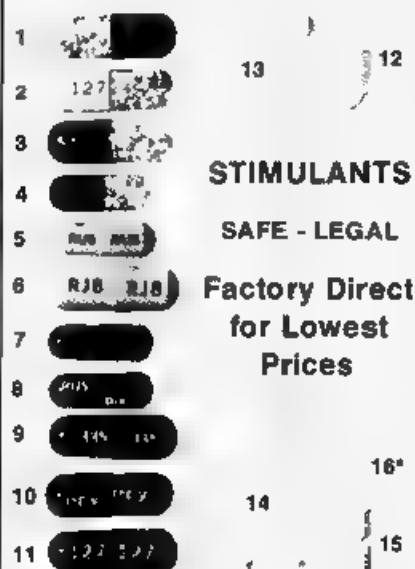
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JIM JONES RETURNS!!!

"Why should everybody be so surprised?" asks the Rev. Jim Jones, with just a touch of smug humor at the commotion caused by his reappearance among the living. "I used to take little old ladies with cancer and reach right into their flesh and pull it out whole. Nobody would believe in *that* miracle. They said it was just chicken guts. I'd like to hear them deny *this* miracle. Do I look like a bunch of chicken guts to you?"

Tanned and strikingly radiant despite his two years' entombment the resurrected faith healer has been enthusiastically greeted by his former colleagues in the American Pentecostal movement. "This man has done a wonderful, just wonderful thing for every single one of us Christians alive today," Rev. Jim Bakke exclaimed emotionally as his lovely wife Tammy embraced the thrice-born Jones on their syndicated PTL Club television program. "No other American preacher before Jim Jones had the courage, commitment and deep-down love that it takes to kill yourself and your whole congregation to prove that Jesus will lift up and bring back a righteous soul who doesn't believe the federal government has any business meddling in the affairs of a recognized, licensed, incorporated, God-fearing, tax-exempt religious foundation. Praise the Lord."

HIGH TIMES religious-affairs adviser Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout, who is also pastor and treasurer of the First National Church of Jesus H. Christ, Inc., reveals that the rapprochement of Jones with the politically

continued on page 80



"Any day now," guarantees the Rev. Jim Jones (above), when asked by press when 9,999 other Christians who killed selves at Jonestown can be expected to resurrect. "They're just playing possum."

U.S. ARMS TO JUNTA SPARKS RELIGIOUS SPAT

Mounting violence in the unpleasant Central American republic of Mal Salvagore has prompted considerable friction in the United States between religious groups. The Reagan administration's decision to supply the ruling Salvagorean junta with extensive military assistance has appalled many "mainstream" religious outfits like the Roman Catholic Maryknoll Society, whose nuns and missionaries in Mal Salvagore have been kidnapped, tortured, raped, shot, hanged, mutilated, starved, burned and thrown out of helicopters into the Pacific Ocean by right-wing "vigilantes" who wear Salvagorean military uniforms and answer to the descriptions of noted Salvagorean colonels.

Dismissing such events as "coincidence," Reagan's military aides have ordered an "emergency bail-out" of the junta which is led by Col. Sanguino Facistico Murdera. The precise nature of the proposed U.S. aid program is classified for national-security reasons but reportedly includes "anything up to and including the kitchen sink"—i.e., tactical nuclear weapons. Some 20,000 U.S. military advisers from the Marine Corps will accompany this ordinance to Mal Salvagore, says a Defense Department spokesman, "just to teach those dagoes how to use all that high tech snuff stuff." Colonel Facistico Murdera has hailed the Reagan government's decision as "one damn bonita God-send for all us America-loving patriots right in Central America all over *Si!* An end by fuck, of a generation of our crucifixion!"

"Mainstream" U.S. clerics from Catholic, Protestant and Jewish organizations have condemned Reagan's support for the Facistico regime as "an abomination." Such opposition is scornfully countered, though, by the newly formed Charismatic Council, a White House advisory department consisting of leaders from "100 percent American religious congregations."

Speaking for the Charismatic Council on this issue, the Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout of the First National Church of Jesus H. Christ, Inc., tells *HIGH TIMES*: "What I'd like to know is how come these self-appointed Catholic missionaries are always getting into so much gosh darned trouble in places like Mal Salvagore? Like it says in the good book, you know, where there's stunk you're bound to find shit, and this Maryknoll business to me just smells to high heaven. These countries have laws and police just like in the USA, and if you just obey 'em, you don't get involved in all this type of torture and raping and helicopter pitch-outs and all that trash. I want to tell you, when the First National Church of Jesus H. Christ, Inc., sends women missionaries down to Mal Salvagore, they don't wind up having sexual intercourse in any way, shape or form with a bunch of vigilantes. Our people behave themselves down there. They cooperate



Mainstream missionaries indicted for aggravated littering by Salvagorean police.

fully with the duly authorized forces of law and order, and maybe that's why we do a better job than the almighty God's anointed Catholic lily-pure church—which is all just a big bunch of socialist commies anyway, pardon my French."

Colonel Facistico has personally invited the Reverend Fallout to visit Mal Salvagore with a special task force of American evangelists. "All up and down this locomotor

Central America here you know, we got these filthy Red socialist Catholics, by God everywhere you are looking. *Mira!* Everybody Catholic all of 'em. And you know the most place of all for you find these damn Red Catholics? *Nicaragua*, no dumb hooley! Maybe now we take and drop your *el jefe* Reagan's—how you say? kitchen sink on her no? *Si? Andale, andale! Arriba! Yeye! Yeye!*

BORN AGAIN AGAIN!!

continued from page 79

sensitive U.S. evangelistic movement involved some little controversy and compromise. 'Jimbo's gotten a pretty bad rep in the media, there's no denying that. Testing the faith of your parishioners with cyanide Kool-Aid is considered a little extreme even by some of us in the esoteric mysteries of Christ Jesus. But, by golly, this nation was founded on religious tolerance! If the Justice Department starts sniffing around Jim Jones, now that he's back from the dead—wellsir, maybe we'll just have to get ourselves a new attorney general, won't we? Praise the Lord.'

Reverend Fallout indicated that the Moral Majority will be using its considerable influence on Capitol Hill to ward off any legal inquiry into the Jonestown event,

as long as Jones himself refrains from publicly adopting the official title of messiah. "I know a lot of people are already calling him Jim Christ, but look here now, he can't expect to corner the whole charismatic market lock, stock and halo. If a man hath the world on a string, yet he hath not charity then he is even as a greedy monopolistic son of a bitch. Praise the Lord!"

Meanwhile, the People's Temple is recruiting tens of thousands of passionate new converts every Sunday. "The emphasis is on tried-and-true old-fashioned traditional charismatic Christian ceremony," says Reverend Jones. "Snake-handling, holy rolling, lion wrestling, walking through clouds of mustard gas, wearing radioactive glow-in-the-daylight Jesus medallions and so on like that."

REV. DR. JERRY FALLOUT'S

HOPE FOR FAITH

Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout, founder chairman, president and treasurer of the First National Church of Jesus H Christ, Inc., invites spiritual queries from all who are low-down and heavy-laden with care and sin. Although you need not send any money with your letters, please bear in mind that because of the inflation that afflicts us all, even preachers, the budget for the Reverend Fallout's proposed Alabaster Tabernacle and Radio-Satellite Launching Center is currently suffering from a projected \$3.7-billion-dollar shortfall. Reverend Fallout accepts all your inmost fears, failings, Visa and Master Charge.

Dear Reverend Fallout: Our 14-year-old son has a book they gave him in school this year with real-looking color picture photographs of big round balls with many-striped colors that the writers say are other worlds up in the sky. There's one called "Jupiter" that the book says is even bigger than God's own Earth, and one called "Saturn" they say is pretty near just as big, and has these fat round circles all around it that make it look like a UFO flying saucer. As soon as I saw that book I took my boy right out that night and showed him there wasn't any such flying saucer trash up in the sky, and we took and burnt that wicked book right there. And now the school types tell me if he doesn't believe there's any such nonsense like these UFO flying saucers in the sky, he can't pass seventh grade science. What can I do? These big balls in the sky aren't spoke of in the Holy Bible that I ever heard of, so how can they make me make my boy believe in them? Is this America?

—Mighty Perturbed

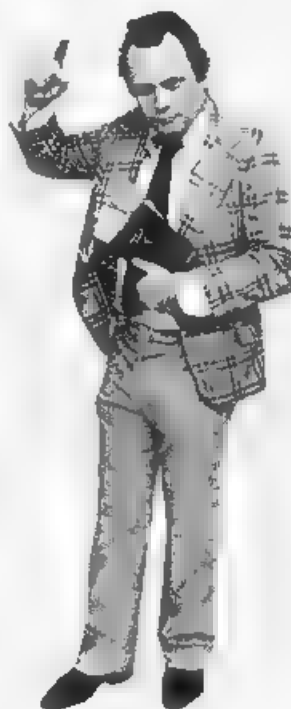
Dear Mighty: "And it shall come to pass in the last days that false prophets shall speak of great wheels and engines in the firmament, yea, and many they shall lead to the abyss of perdition after their wicked imaging; and the destruction of the gullible will be encompassed by their guileful words and imaging." Your boy is in desperate trouble. You owe it to your boy to send for my catalog of fully accredited fundamentalist high schools, where scientificological demonology such as this is not fostered on our pure and impressionable children's minds. Only \$15, care of this magazine.

Dear Dr. Fallout: The wind blows right through the corners of our old house and we freeze all winter every year. What can we do about it?

—Stone Cold

Dear Stone: "And Jesus said, Though thou be straitened in calamity, yet the Lord shall be unto thee a touchstone, yea, even a stout bulwark against thy vicissitude." Insulation will do the trick. Mel Peters Home Contractors on 1483 Euclid Avenue in your hometown is a Tithing Fellow to the First National Church of Jesus H Christ, Inc., and will give you a 15 percent discount on total fiberglass installation if you will sign a written contract to contribute a \$17 donation to the church each month for six years.

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Jack Abraham

Dear Reverend Fallout: I am heartbroken because the minister at the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Graham, just laughed at me when I quoted the scripture verse from Jesus in your last column about Communists. Mr. Graham said Jesus never said it, and it's not really in the Bible anywhere that Jesus says Red Communists are devils that want to take over the Holy Land and Israel. Please tell me where to look in the Bible

and find just where Jesus says that stuff, so I can show Mr. Graham what's true, and then feel not so lost and scared all the time and maybe have to shoot him and his family.

—Please Help

Dear Please: "These are the words of Jesus to the multitude, and among these were Matthias of Abdera and James son of Lucas. Behold there shall come after Me those who will deny My ministry, and work to confound them who believe in Me. But these shall be taken up and cast down utterly, even slain, for verily I give here unto thee a sword sharp grinded to smite the tongues that proclaim against Me." If your know-it-all Mr. Graham doesn't know where to locate the Holy Scriptures, you can help by showing him the New Authorized Version of the Born-Again Holy Scriptures, from which all my citations are derived. Only \$42 soft cover, care of this magazine.

Dear Reverend Fallout: Is the Antichrist already beginning the Tribulation, and how many of us will live long enough to endure the Rapture?

—Don't Know

Dear Don't: I think you have me confused with Hal Lindsay. Why worry about that nonsense anyway? Send \$12.76 now for my own prophecy book, Portents of the Armageddon from Biblical Evidence and the New York Times Political Affairs Index.

Dear Reverend Fallout: Maggie come fleet foot, face full of black soot, talkin' that the heat put plants in the bed but phone's tapped anyway. Maggie says that many say they must bust in early May, orders from the D.A. My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums. Should I put them by your gate?

—Call Me Absalom

Dear Bob: How many times do I have to tell you I'm not that kind of doctor? But you can get a 15 percent script discount from Dr. Rollo Pfenning in Hibbing; he's a Tithing Fellow too.

MOVEMENT SWELLS FOR "RIGHT-TO-DEATH" RULE

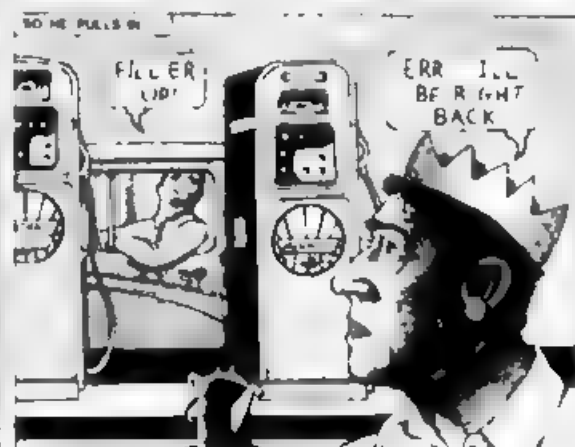
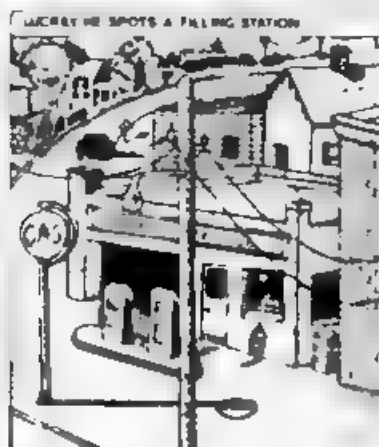
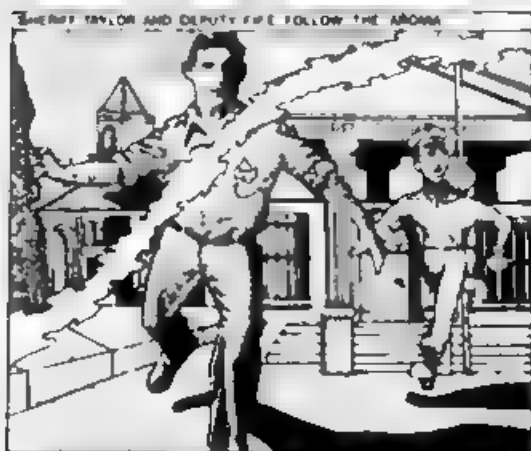
With ratification of a Constitutional amendment to ban abortions now effectively guaranteed, a coalition of fundamentalist religious activists is pressing for a special rider to the amendment to make the new penalties against abortion not only stiff, but retroactive.

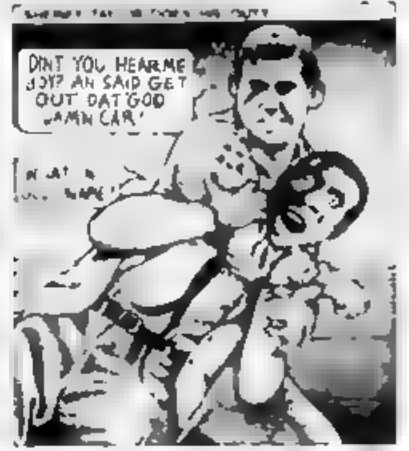
"Nothing is more precious and inviolable than a sacred human life," says Carmen Wellfed, national coordinator of the Society for Moral Retribution. "How many would-be Einsteins, Schweitzers and Helen Kellers have been murdered over this last decade of infamy, by uncaring should-be mothers and fathers whose only thought was for a brief sweaty episode of carnal gratification, without any consideration for the precious God-given spark of existence they engendered, and then snuffed out, just because

they thought they could get away with it scot-free forever?"

The Moral Retribution Society believes that the penalty for abortion under the new Right-to-Life amendment should be mandatory capital punishment, with a special Right-to-Death provision rendering anyone who ever arranged, performed or sustained an abortion subject hereafter to the new penalties. "We're ready, at our own expense, to go through the medicaid welfare lists and everything to track down past offenders," affirms Wellfed. "The mothers the fathers, the doctors, the common law boyfriends—they'll get what's coming to them, all right. People have to learn to treasure every least smudge of our Lord God Jesus' holy creation. If they don't, they deserve to burn in hell forever and ever."

The Andy Griffith Show. SCRIPT BY JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN ART BY OREW FRIEDMAN ©1978





ZIPPYISMS

EXHIBIT A - ZIPPY LEGALLY CHANGES HIS NAME TO **ARNOLD R. REAGAN** AND ORDERS A FIRST STRIKE **M-X MISSILE ATTACK** ON HIS OWN APARTMENT BUILDING...



EXHIBIT B - ZIPPY ATTEMPTS TO JOIN THE "MAJORITY" AT A MASS MEETING IN THE **ASTRODOME**. HIS OPINION THAT TAKING A **SUBMARINE SANDWICH** ACROSS STATE LINES SHOULD BE PUNISHABLE BY **DEATH** IS MET WITH **KV STARES**...



EXHIBIT C - AFTER MONTHS OF TENSE **NEGOTIATIONS** IN A **SAN DIEGO** "FOOD WORLD U.S.A." ZIPPY FINALLY **RELEASES** THE **HOSTAGES**...

THEY APPEAR TO BE **UNHARMED**. PERHAPS WE CAN SPEAK TO THEIR **CAPTIVE**...

I ONLY TALK **WALTER**...



EXHIBIT D - IN HIS THIRD **DRY MARTINI**, ZIPPY REVIEWS THE **FINALE** OF THE **UNIVERSE** AND EXAMINES THE **BEEHIVE HARDON** ON **UNCONSCIOUS** LATE...

NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY **ELIZABETH TAYLOR** HAD TO HAVE **SIX HUSBANDS**!!

SHE WAS **VERY GOOD**...



EXHIBIT E - ZIPPY SEES THE MOVIE "**FREUD**" 27 CONSECUTIVE TIMES...ON THE 28TH VIEWING, HE LETS OUT A **CRIMINAL PRIMAL SCREAM**...

MY **POLYVINYL COW-BOY WALLET** WAS MADE IN **HONG KONG** BY **MONTGOMERY CLIFT**!!



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EXHIBIT F - ZIPPY EXPLAINS **DOUBLE-DIGIT INFLATION** TO A **BAND OF BONDAGE ENTHUSIASTS** FROM **LONG ISLAND**...

I'LL ALWAYS **CHERISH** THIS **FABULOUS MOMENT** OF **MARITAL BLISS** BUT WHY DON'T THESE **PINK ELEPHANTS** STOP **DIVE BOMBING** MY **PANTYHOSE**?

AFTER THIS, LET'S GO TO **PHILADELPHIA** AND HAVE **TRIPLETS**!!

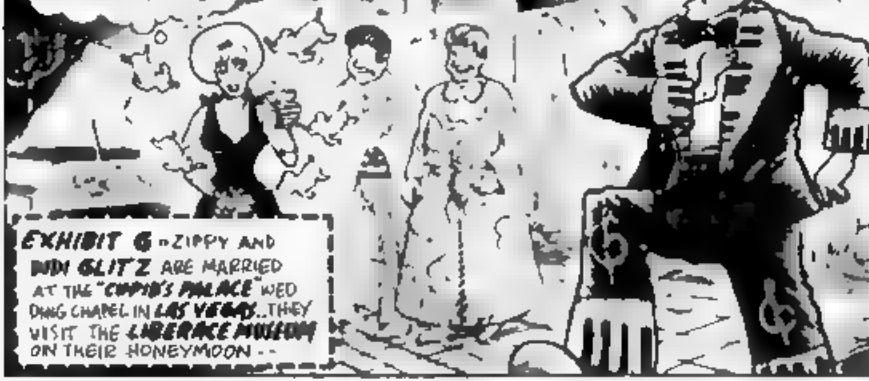


EXHIBIT G - ZIPPY AND **WIN GLITZ** ARE MARRIED AT THE "**CUPID'S PALACE**" **WEDDING CHAPEL** IN **LAS VEGAS**...THEY VISIT THE **LIBERACE MUSEUM** ON THEIR **HONEYMOON**...

IS IT **1984** YET...??



EXHIBIT H - ZIPPY KICKS OFF HIS NEW **CAMPAIGN** FOR THE **PRESIDENCY** WITH A **REFURBISHED LOOK** & A **BRAND NEW SLOGAN**...

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From Statement Bernardino Dahm December 3, 1980

Over ten years ago, I along with many others went underground to oppose U.S. intervention in Vietnam; to try to support the black movement for liberation and human rights, and to oppose the system built on slavery, genocide and colonialism. This was a time when the unspeakable crimes of the American government were exposed and resisted by unprecedented numbers of its own people—and a time when official programs such as COINTELPRO set out to destroy these movements. Most decisively, black leaders were murdered, imprisoned and slandered; organizations destroyed; and the black, Hispanic and Native American freedom movements were subject to a monstrous and illegal program to destroy them. Furthest in my mind today are the many black and Third World political prisoners and freedom fighters whose determination remains clear, and who continue to embody the spirit and vision of struggle despite ferocious efforts to silence and defeat them. I regret not at all our efforts to side with the forces of national liberation.

The nature of the system has not changed. Today, the threat of Vietnam-type intervention looms large in South Africa, El Salvador and the Middle East. In ten years, a great wave of countries have won their independence, yet U.S. crimes live on in the terrible price exacted against Vietnam, Cuba and all nations who have freed themselves: subversion and imposed hardship; reparations and trade denied; lies and falsified history. Today racist attacks are committed against black children, black people, alongside the national rise of the Ku Klux Klan and an ugly mood of racism and reaction. A system of violence and degradation against women is openly encouraged. Native American lives, and resources are under heightened assault. The U.S. is devoting great resources to try again to crush the independence movement to free Puerto Rico from colonial domination. Day care, schools, health care are sacrificed; the air, land and water we bequeath to the children are poisoned; we are menaced with constant war and the threat of nuclear destruction.

I believe in the necessity of underground work, so I am returning to open life with a sense of loss as well as hope. I look forward to spending time with family and friends, new and old. I'm eager to discuss the lessons of the 60s and 70s, including my errors and wrong directions, as well as our strengths and successes. Given the system which perpetuates such harsh oppression and suffering, rebellion is inevitable and continuous. Resistance by every

means necessary is happening and will continue with the U.S. as well as around the world, and I remain committed to the struggle ahead.

From Statement Bill Ayres December 3, 1980

In 1970, I went underground to fight against the Vietnam War, the full-scale police attacks on the black liberation movement and the system that created these things. In this time of selective amnesia of rewriting history of official closing the books on the true story of popular resistance and widespread identification with Third World liberation, it is worth remembering that that was the time of the Tet Offensive and the Chicago convention. My Lai and the police murder of Fred Hampton, black rebellion in the cities and Jackson and Kent State. That was the time of COINTELPRO and the official sanctioned assault and murder of leaders of the black liberation movement, a crime that lives on in the black revolutionaries illegally locked up for a decade now, and in the unresolved issues (responsibilities and reparations) surrounding the murders of black leaders. The recent slap on the wrist given to Mark Felt and Edward Miller does not begin to deal with the responsibility they share with superiors and subordinates alike for these crimes.

Now I am returning to an open life, leaving the shelter and freedom of the forest, but I return with the same basic beliefs, hopes and dreams. The nature of the system has not changed a bit in ten years. It is a system built in genocide and slavery and oppression, a system that poisons the earth and cripples future generations for profit, plunders the land and labor of millions, institutionalizes violence against women, takes the world to the brink of nuclear disaster, and is in a state of almost perpetual war. It seems to me that the current establishment goal and promise of recapturing U.S. hegemony around the world and economic prosperity at home can only be attempted through war. In the '80s, this system will produce the almost certain prospect of U.S. aggression in southern Africa, the Middle East and Latin America, and the proliferation of violent racist attacks as in Atlanta, Buffalo and the national rise of the KKK.

In all this I intend to support liberation. And I intend to fight against the next inevitable imperialist war with even more determination than I opposed the last one. Our hearts are still with the freedom fighters.

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FIFTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES



74 I TRIED BILLY BEER ONCE AND IT GAVE me diarrhea.

Mrs. Lillian Carter,
New York Daily News,
December 27, 1977

75 ABSINTHE MAKES THE HEART GROW fonder

76 AFTER ARRIVING, MANY OF THE SHIP-ments are hidden in tombs of cemeteries at the foot of the Mokattam Hills on the outskirts of Cairo. Sometimes sham funerals are held, and at the point in the ceremony when the body, according to Moslem tradition, is removed from the coffin and placed in the grave, hashish is distributed instead.

New York Times, October 5, 1980

77 AS A RULE OF THUMB, EACH CIGAR-ette knocks off about five minutes off the smokers' life. For an average habit, that adds up to six or seven years [more for some, less for others].

William Bennett, M.D.,
Science 80 September 1980

Yeah, but if you take ten minutes to smoke it, I figure you've gained five minutes.

Comment on the preceding quote by anonymous hippie

78 AT LEAST EIGHT—MAYBE TEN DRUGS were in Elvis when he died: Valium, Quaaludes, codeine, barbiturates, Demerol, Valium, a decongestant and another unidentified substance, narcotics, barbiturates, hypnotics and sedatives. "Pharmacologically that's crazy," said one. "That's just plain crazy," said another.

79 CIGAR STUMPS ARE GATHERED FROM the streets and gutters in many of our populous cities and sold to cigarette manufacturers and again find their way into the market and are then smoked by ladies and gentlemen. No accounting for taste

Charles A. Bunting, in
Hope for the Victims of Alcohol,
Opium, Morphine, Cocaine and
Other Vices, New York, 1888

80 EVERYBODY SHOULD BELIEVE IN something
I believe I'll have another drink



81 I SMOKED FIFTY JOINTS IN THE SIXTIES and snorted two lines of coke once in Detroit. It wasn't half as nice as a lady or a good meal for that matter.

Ted Nugent, Rolling Stone

82 FEDERAL OFFICIALS SAY THAT FLORIDA would suffer a serious economic blow if the United States could halt the expanding cocaine market in the United States. The Drug Enforcement Administration estimates that three-fourths of all the coke entering the United States comes through Florida—with a street value of \$10 billion a year. The Journal of the Addiction Research Foundation [Toronto] reports (April 1, 1980) that numerous Florida banks have become dependent on the illicit coke market. One federal official told the publication that the real estate market in the state would "fall flat" if cocaine traffic were suddenly halted, because a high percentage of purchases of land and houses involve money stemming from the cocaine trade

DC Gazette, June 1980

83 MUCH OF THE EARLY EXPERIENCE treating adverse marijuana reactions was gained in Viet Nam or at rock festivals. Thorazine (chlorpromazine) 25-50 mg. intramuscularly was used as a sedative and antipsychotic agent. Others used Librium (diazepam) 20 mg. immediately and 10 mg. each hour thereafter to a total of 60 mg. It was learned with time, however, that most effects wear off, and the pharmacological agents were more beneficial to the staff than to the patients.

Probably the most effective treatment of acute adverse reactions to marijuana is supportive, positive concerned talking to by peers of the affected person. Reassurance that the reaction is temporary, that he is not alone, and that nothing terrible will happen is markedly successful. Teams of young peers are much more useful in a drug treatment tent than the most modern medical equipment. Sedation can be given for severe reactions, allowing the individual to "sleep it off."

A return visit should be scheduled to ensure the disappearance of symptoms and ascertain if the reaction occurred in an individual with underlying psychiatric pathology

John A. Talbot, M.D.,
in Acute Drug Abuse Emergencies,
1976



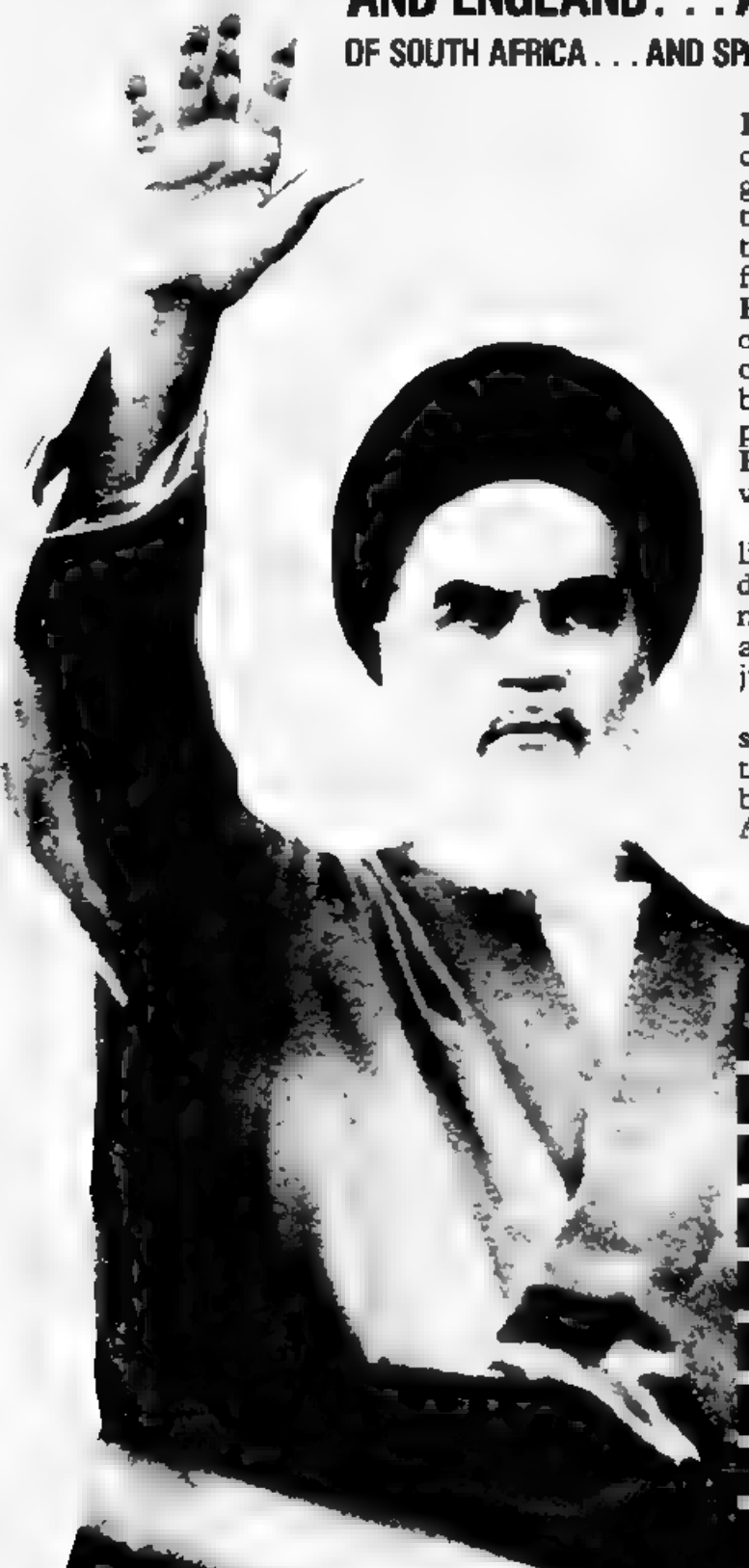
84 LSD IS A CHEMICAL, NOT A DRUG. People take drugs to escape their lives; those who take hallucinogens are looking into it

Cary Grant, Rolling Stone

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LIVE DEAD AT RADIO CITY

For two weeks this past October, the Grateful Dead played a historic stand of eight concerts at New York City's Radio City Music Hall. The band presented a nice mix of old and new material in a special three-set format. Each show began with an acoustic set played before a rustic backdrop. Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir used this easygoing format to demonstrate their dexterity on acoustic-guitar duets, and bassist Phil Lesh would plug in an electric accompaniment for tunes like the *American Beauty* classic "Ripple."

The three percussionists wove fascinatingly complex rhythm patterns, often taking over songs with the sheer force of their rhythmic surge. Toward the end of the evening they instigated the hottest moments of the performance when Kreutzmann broke from a smoking duet with Garcia into a snare-drum march intro to "Truckin'"; then after that song evolved into another Garcia dialogue with the drums that ended with a very spacy outro, the three drummers raced off into an amazing percussion solo that began to subtly reference "The Other One" halfway through. When the rest of the band returned and it became apparent that they intended to go ahead and play "The Other One," the crowd went crazy. Then Garcia finished up with a wonderful rendition of "Wharf Rat" before the obligatory encore of "Good Lovin'" and "Johnny B. Goode."

"In many respects these concerts were a trailblazer," pointed out Grateful Dead spokesman Ren Grevatt afterward. "They created more interest in the media because of the venue. They sold out eight shows in four hours. Whether the people at the concerts knew it or not, they were part of history. The band recorded everything for a two- or three-record set to be released next year, and they videotaped the last three nights for videocassette or -disc and controlled video use. They made a major investment in the video setup."

At the show I attended, the second set began the electric end of the

evening (October 30) with a spirited version of "Alabama Getaway" followed by "The Promised Land." It was apparent from the tougher edge of the sound than at previous Dead concerts that Bob Weir's experiments with smaller, hard-rock combos had influenced the Dead's stage sound significantly. Though the band did such favorites as "Samson and Delilah," "Mexican Blues," "Mama Tried," and "Hes Gone," the real focus of the evening was, as usual, Jerry Garcia's sinuous yet beautifully evocative guitar playing, with one of his best moments coming on "Shakedown Street," which opened

the blistering third set. Garcia's hornlike tone on that number had the crowd on its feet and dancing from the opening run. Keyboardist Brent Mydland, who's been with the band for about a year now, added subtle coloration to the band's sound throughout the evening, and veteran jazz-rock drummer Billy Cobham joined the infectious, propulsive percussion duo of Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart.

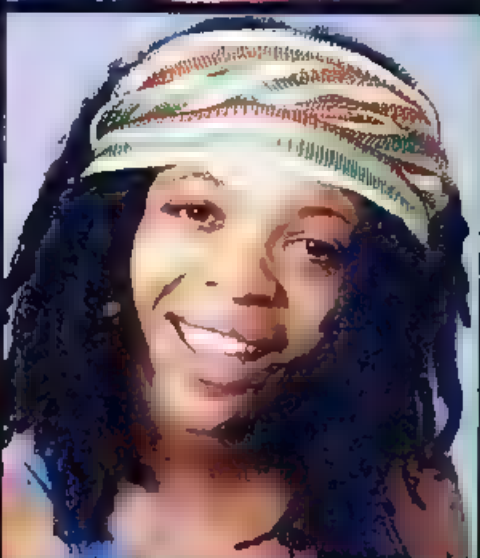
When asked to explain the fanaticism of the band's following at one point, Garcia said, "I guess we're getting to be a regular religion with its own dogma—and catma, too."

Sounds.

BY
JOHN
SWENSON



Photo by Peter Simon



Photos by Kate Simon

BLACK UHURU'S SINSEMILLA REGGAE

This may look like some kind of gimmick, but it's not. What it *is* is one of the finest reggae records made in recent times, a musical and conceptual triumph that sidesteps the problems that have plagued most reggae offerings in the past few years. Reggae's virtues—its rock-hard simplicity, direct, sincere purpose and instrumental excellence—were compromised when some of the musicians and songwriters in the genre fell for the music-industry hype a few years back that reggae would be the next big thing. When the music was not accepted immediately on its own terms by the worldwide audience, producers and A and R directors started to fiddle around with the form itself, reasoning that reggae was too stark on its own to merit mass acceptance and needed an extra gimmick to put it across. We saw a spate of disco reggae, electronic reggae, reggae with pretty costumes for the anthropology set, white reggae for the racists, reggae with Mick Jagger for the rock fans. What

was missing from all of it, though, was the rocksteady *backbone* itself. The music was, in each case, removed from its true context in an attempt to sell it and thus trivialized.

Sinsemilla, however, is a blazing hot set of dublike backing rhythm tracks with just enough embellishment to keep it from being reactionary. The set is at once traditional and as forward looking as you'd ever want reggae to be. The key element is the inclusion of one of the sharpest bass and drums combos reggae has produced—Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar of the Mighty Diamonds. Shakespeare's bass pops with authority and keeps the dublike basic tracks rumbling along, while Dunbar's trap and percussion patterns are incredibly hypnotic and powerful. Dunbar also adds plenty of trance effects on the synthesizer/drum syndrome, a technique that has often been used on reggae records but never to this fine an effect.

Shakespeare and Dunbar are, in fact, the architects of this whole

project. They produced the record for their independent company, Taxi Productions, at Kingston's Channel 1 Recording Studio, and co wrote all the material on the record with the leader of Black Uhuru, Michael Rose. Rose puts forth a feeling of supreme confidence and well being in the songs, while keeping in mind the traditional political and religious themes that provide much of the subject matter for reggae songs. In the title track Rose reflects on the poverty and degradation of the city, then consoles himself with the thought that "I've got the stalk of sinsemilla blooming in my back yard" while Dunbar and Shakespeare blurt out a smoky accompaniment. The rest of the instrumental accompaniment is equally adept. Rhythm guitarist Ranche McLean, keyboardist Ansell Collins and percussionist "Sticky" Thompson complete the rhythm section, while lead guitarist Rad "Duggie" Bryan adds tasty fills through the record.

continued



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PSYCHEDELIC FUR TALKS

We all know there's going to be a psychedelic revival, right? It's so obvious, it just has to happen.

—Johnny Lydon

Right, Johnny. So here it is. Actually the psychedelic revival has been going on in a small way for a year or two now. Tripping is enjoying its greatest popularity since the late '60s, but it's not the media event it was then. In England a number of groups have surfaced in the past year who've recast the late-'60s mode of psychedelic music. Echo and the Bunnymen, Joy Division, even Roky Erickson from the legendary Texas acid-rock outfit from the late '60s, the 13th Floor Elevators, are all enjoying success in England on the strength of recent acid-rock recordings.

The first group on the British rock scene to identify itself specifically with an acid-rock revival, however, was the Psychedelic Furs, which has recently released its U.S. debut album. The record is certainly one of the strangest debuts in some time, a dense and powerful set with twisted, eerie lyrics and the kind of melodic



fragmentation that reminds the listener of early Doors albums and the Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request*. The key to the band's sound is the fascinating dual guitar textures evolved by John Ashton and R. Morris. When the Furs came to New York for a series of club performances, I arranged to meet John Ashton up at the CBS office. While we sat around and discussed the band Ashton produced a paper napkin from his pocket and opened it to reveal several potent looking mushrooms. "A girl gave these to me last night," he laughed. "She said if I take them all, it will be a really good trip."

Ashton noted that the psychedelic revival was probably caused by people recognizing the social and aesthetic gains made in the '60s. "Kids turned around and said 'Fuck this.' A whole new world of sound opened up. There seemed to be something beautiful happening. It stood for some sort of unity that had worldwide implications. People will win if they stand up. We're trying to combine a lot of the good, positive ideas of the '60s, '70s and '80s. We represent a new psychedelia, a new era of mind expanding."

P-Furs take a few future shots.



Photo: Frank Ockers

"I DON'T THINK YOU CAN FOOL THE AVERAGE 13-YEAR-OLD THESE DAYS."



Nevertheless, Ashton points out that the '60s aren't happening all over again. "It isn't all peace and love anymore," he says. "You aren't going to cure war by sticking flowers down soldiers' gun barrels. However, you can still stop a war or dreadful pollution. The '80s is a lot faster than the '60s, it's a ripoff era but people are really aware and I don't think you can fool the average thirteen-year-old these days."

It's perhaps for that reason that he says he doesn't think his own band reflects the '60s very much. "We were a backlash against punk at first," he muses. "Because punk spelled anarchy and if you really believe in anarchy you have to realize that everyone has to take care of each other or it's all over. So there goes the whole punk thing up a chute. We haven't got an instant image. We're not instantly packageable. Like Gary Numan is locked into that doomy, futuristic robotoid thing. There's also an up stance. You can still fall in love. It's not absolute genocide yet. It's not as bad as some people would make it out to be. We try to offset that attitude. I'm very against disposable-type music: It's just like McDonald's. But I really don't see us as a '60s band per se. I

can understand the comparison in some ways—I can understand the Grateful Dead and the Rolling Stones—but psychedelic should just mean progressive. It isn't any one-to-one correspondence. People can't understand the irony of the name Psychedelic Furs. It's not supposed to liken us to groups in the past. In order to say "love is all you need," you have to be able to love everything. You must love blue cars, you must love atom bombs..."

Similarly, he says that the audiences aren't just revamped hippies, either. "First of all, that audience isn't there anymore, and to expect the audience now to turn into that would be disastrous. We've got an audience of acid punks now. I think taking acid is just a normal thing now."

As for his credentials to be lead guitarist in the Psychedelic Furs, Ashton says, "I've experimented with everything, I've been brave enough to try everything. I've been through the whole drug-culture trip. I remember my first trip pretty well. I remember walking through Earl's Court feeling very strange but happy. I had been to a party and someone had given me this orange pill. I knew what it was. I had a great trip." □

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Notes

Live Shots, The Joe Ely Band (MCA MCF3064, British import). Ely is one of the greatest natural resources to come out of Texas since Doug Sahm. His MCA albums show him and songwriter-collaborator Butch Hancock to be among the best writers of their generation, and Ely's tough, expressive vocal style is well suited to the material, which is fresh and never resorts to the prefab cliché that makes so much "progressive country" music sound like deodorant-commercial soundtracks. But Ely's greatest asset is his band, a rough and tumble Tex Mex outfit featuring the spicy accordion playing of Ponty Bone, lead guitarist Jesse Taylor, steelman Lloyd Maines and a crack rhythm section of bassist Greg Wright and drummer Robert Marquand. The spirit of Ely's music is so well served in live performance that it's hard to understand why MCA in the United States decided not to release this record after its U.K. branch enjoyed tremendous success there with it. The set was recorded live in London during Ely's British tour as support band for the Clash, which is as unlikely a combination as I've heard but apparently a very popular one, judging from the audience reaction. This is without a doubt Ely's best record yet, an indispensable catalog of his strongest numbers played with the self-confident abandon that only the most magical live shows can create. Hancock's masterpieces "She Never Spoke Spanish to Me" and "Boxcars" dovetail Ely gems like "I Had My Hopes Up High," "Honky Tonk Masquerade" and the driving "Fingernails," while Joe shows his roots with a masterful cover of Hank Williams' "Honky Tonkin."

Suicide (Red Star 800). Side one is some pretty interesting synthesizer washes in vague and repetitious pseudonihilism, but the concept shows its leathery seams in the process of splitting on the dreadfully boring title-inspiration production number "Frankie Teardrop." Nothing categorizes this outfit's pretense more appropriately than the Doors-style version of "96 Tears," which is introduced as a song "written by spics from Detroit." This is one aptly named group.

The Reels (Polydor 1-6275). Stiff, unimaginative five-piece outfit hooks its sounds around modified reggae rhythms keyed by the tinny organ textures usually associated with new wave. The players are capable enough, especially drummer John

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Bliss, and the "Batman Theme" feel of "Wonder Why" provides a moment of real interest, but the record doesn't really go anywhere.

Danny Spanos (RCA BXLI 3538). Big-voiced hard-rock vocalist wrenches his way through some earnest but heavy-handed material (worst culprit: "Rastaman") with credible assistance from crack sessioners led by guitarist Earl Slick, who's real good here.

Naturally, Leon Haywood (MCA 3231). Houston-born high-register soul singer is in good voice on this sultry, slick, self-produced disco side hooked around the dance hit "Don't Push It, Don't Force It," with female backing vocalists making sexy indication of his specific meaning.

Jeff Conaway (Columbia JC 36111). Another Mike Appel project imitating Bruce Springsteen. This one's done in hard rock-disco production style. It's amazing how Appel insists on coming up with Springsteen clones. Is this some kind of joke?

Orchids (MCA 3235). New Runaways, this pretty good all-girl group rocks okay (sorta Blondie sounding). Very Tommy James. Produced by Kim Fowley.

Bernadette Peters (MCA 3230). Torchy MOR/C&W chanteuse gets some nice effects on "Pearl's a Singer." Elegant stroke-book designer Vargas d.d the cover, but she doesn't sound like the Cars. Definitely not a Voice.

Chaser, John Lee & Gerry Brown (Columbia JC 36212). This is player's disco. The straitjacket rhythm tracks are there but just barely. At several points during the record you're actually able to forget that it's disco. The playing is the focus, rather than being strangled by the rhythm. On "Chaser" the disco part is subtle, played on the high hat, while the saxophone is mixed up. On "Prospect Park," where the bass drum thuds the disco beat, some really fine blues-rock guitar soloing takes the spotlight. Nevertheless, this is still process shock with good musicians trying to find creative ways to get around the corporate insistence that they depersonalize their music.

Blast-o-Funk, Thomas Bucknasty (RCA AFLI 3430). Acid-deranged hard-rock funk band produced by T. Life sound like they took too much speed before the session. Not in the same class as Funkadelic. □



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The Warrior Life

continued from page 52

teenage waiters glanced furtively about at a roomful of mustachioed swaggarts in cammies and berets.

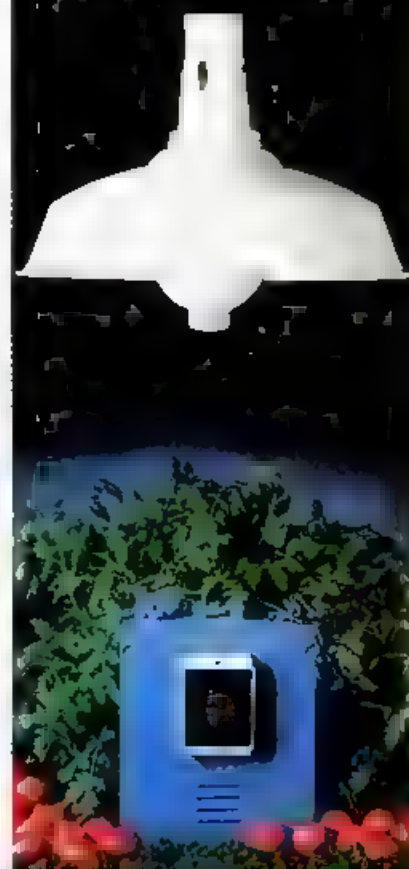
Among the dignitaries at the front table were: lean, blond and boyishly handsome William Brooks, a veteran of five years with the French foreign legion; stocky Maj. Mike Williams, who saw many a skirmish as a merc with Grey's Scouts, the Rhodesian mounted cavalry, and who was now working for South Africa; and portly Gen. Vang Pao, commander of Laotian forces during the 'Nam unpleasantness, down from his sprawling ranch in Bitter Root, Montana, to accept the first annual Col. "Bull" Simons award for his years of zapping commies.

Mike Echanis, though, wasn't up there. Echanis, one of the great warriors in the SOF pantheon, and their ex-martial arts editor, lost it when his plane went down in Lake Nicaragua in 1978. An incorrigible as a kid, Echanis hit his stride in 'Nam with the 75th Rangers, but after only two months took an AK-47 round in the foot. Through sheer willpower he recovered from what were supposed to be permanent injuries and subsequently became an expert in the use of a huge array of conventional and exotic lethal weapons. Before his plane went down, he'd organized an elite corps of shock troops and personal bodyguards for the late and infamous Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza. Too bad, Echanis would have enjoyed sitting on the dais beneath that huge banner bearing the SOF insignia, crossed daggers behind a Special Forces beret, and the slogan Death to Tyrants.

Moore's keynote speech was a snotty, rambling, racist monologue that would become, for Brown and others, the only major humiliation in the whole three-day affair (though most of what he said was acceptable to the bulk of the assembled). He carved up then-president Jimmy Carter for failing to support Rhodesia and South Africa in their struggle against "communist terrorism." But he referred to the enemy in Vietnam as "gooks" with General Pao seated only a few feet away, and boasted of having called Andrew Young "Jimmy Carter's pet coon." He had other treats as well for the blacks in the audience, charging that the "ragging" of officers in 'Nam was done "mostly by black troops."

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The Warrior Life

continued from page 98
being printed by a small Miami firm, Moore complained that the publishing establishment was interested only in works by, for or about "Jewish girls and those who are interested in making them."

When the banquet broke up I grabbed Slotnick, a taut-jawed, career-Army, Jewish conventioneer who had been seated near me. Moore's speech, he felt, was generally to the point, "with a few low blows." His darting eyes said he was angrier than that, but he was trying to be polite.

One towering black man with the impassive face of an ebony monument minced no words. He spoke in a monotone at the lowest pitch audible to the human ear. Distant thunder: "I take what Robin Moore says personally," he intoned.

He had been a Special Forces "lerp" (grunt talk for Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol) in Nam. Weeks at a time in enemy no-man's-land, they gave him some medals: "The usual—couple of bronze stars, couple of silver stars, mess of purple hearts."

What was it like?

He didn't use that threatening leer; he didn't have to. "There's a story to be told. Ain't gonna be told here. We did what we did for home, liberty, that apple pie shit. We were America's kamikazes. Now we're portrayed as kill-crazy. We are the spooks of society."

His words were rolling out unbelievably slowly, like boulders in an earthquake. "Those casual statements Moore was spoutin', that's the problem. There's always time for one class of people. The other class of people got to take a back seat until they make sure that this one particular class got everything they need, before they brush a crumb off the table and tell you, 'Here, take this, and do what you can with it'."

"So I took my crumbs; I did what I can with 'em, but..." (and here his great hollow voice intensified, it didn't become louder though, it may even have quieted some) "...but there ain't nobody in this world gonna wipe me off the face of this earth without gettin' a piece of they ass took off. That goes for Robin Moore and it goes for all these other buddies too."

I don't know if Colonel Brown ever spoke with this gentleman, but the publisher settled things in a flurry the next day by announcing that he had ejected Moore from the convention. Brown apologized for the keynote speaker's excesses and explained that he had not reviewed the speech

before it was given. He said he was "thoroughly embarrassed by the kind of crap Moore was putting out," and, to put the expulsion in its proper military context, he added, "Anyone who has served in combat or has shared his canteen with men of any of the various nationalities or ethnic minorities cannot be a racist."

There were those who called it a ploy for the media, but Brown's sentiments certainly seemed genuine, and the move had the effect of getting the conventioners, many of whom were unabashed racists, off the hook. They no longer had to come up with their own opinions on the matter for the relentless media; they could simply go along with the convention's commanding officer. In the end, Moore's faux pas had the effect of firmly establishing Brown's moral leadership.

For the next two days most of the activities were centered around the Chapman Academy shooting range, tucked among the hills a few miles from town. Here, on four separate ranges set up for various fast-firing sequences, some of the sharpest combat shooters in the country competed with 45s, assault rifles and shotguns for \$10,000 in prizes. Bob Taylor, another SOF contributing editor and a self-described sadist, put on an exhibition of "power throwing techniques" with knives, screw drivers, tire irons and even coat hangers, hurling them with grisly fury through a plywood panel and an amputated car hood.

In a garage-style building at the entrance to the grounds, concessionaires hustled their wares: sinister, double-edged knives; guns of every description (machine models were mock-ups since Missouri state law forbids possession of fully automatic weapons); books on survival, weaponry and the killing arts; brass knuckles (sold as paperweights); and convention souvenirs: "Death From Above" T-shirts, Special Forces belt buckles, et cetera, et cetera.

But, despite this smorgasbord of sudden death, the ambience around the grounds stayed as jolly and convivial as at any other gathering of hobbyists away from hearth and family for the weekend. In fact, some of the goings-on had an almost wholesome air. Bubbly Col. Alex McColl held a briefing session aimed at recruiting prospective volunteers for the Parachute Medical Rescue Service, a private organization that flies mercy missions to foreign countries in times of natural disaster. Colonel Brown, McColl said, had

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asked me to take a brick full of hashish, or smoke, or pot, whatever, and carry it across this state to the next state, I'm not gonna do it. And I don't think there's anybody here that would do it. I may be wrong, but I don't think anybody here would do anything that's considered illegal."

He was wrong, of course. Vietnam vets at the convention had flashed packets of speed at me in motel bars, had offered me joints and asked me for joints. It certainly seemed clear that a substantial delegation liked to twist their heads a little every now and then. And I'd been told confidently that there were pilots in attendance with smuggling experience, but they'd probably be unwilling to talk about it.

And I wonder how this blubbering sap would have felt if he'd known about John Early.

Early—SOF contributing editor with stripes for four years in Nam and a hitch with the Rhodesian mercs was at that moment in the federal slammer. The conspiracy indictment accused him of hiring six Special Forces veterans to dig in and guard an airstrip west of San Diego. They were to be fully uniformed and armed with automatic weapons, and their objective was to protect the arrival of a single DC-3. On board would be 4,000 pounds of cocaine fresh from Colombia. (That's almost ten times as much toot as has ever been taken in any U.S. bust.)

Just how true the federal charges are will probably never be known, because the operation never came off. The feds fired off all their conspiracy indictments when several of the people who were allegedly planning it got popped, off loading 20 tons of weed in San Francisco Bay. Since Early's part of the conspiracy never quite happened, he may never serve time, but, at this writing, he's waiting for somebody to foot his \$350,000 bail.

On the last day of the convention, I had a brief conversation with Colonel Brown. He asked if I'd heard anything about a bust in San Diego involving 4,000 pounds of cocaine. I told him I knew of the San Francisco bust (first reports of it only mentioned that an informant had seen that amount of coke in Colombia and made no mention of Early) but had heard nothing about San Diego. He said he was simply curious; his daughter had sent him a news clipping about it—and he was just wondering

(Weeks later, I spoke with Brown by phone, and he confided, "The one
continued on page 105

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The Warrior Life

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story that I heard—and there's no way to document this—my managing editor told me he heard someplace that the reason—this is unverifiable—that Early got into this is that he was working with some other people that had come up with some hard information about MIAs in Southeast Asia and that they were trying to get the money together to mount an operation to go in and pull these guys out. Now, who knows where the truth may be in that?"

When the convention was winding down, I ran into Marjoe as I was crossing a wooden footbridge. He was coming across the bridge from the other direction and began to say something. I smiled and was about to speak, but he suddenly wheeled around and began walking in the opposite direction. After a few paces he did another about-face and came toward me again, still talking. It finally hit me that ol' Marjoe was doing his damndest to memorize lines for his TV show, a show, by the way, that was canceled long before the segment he was agonizing over ever got a chance to air.

Funny how things work out. Marjoe spent his youth and adolescence as a Bible-beating bunko artist, hustling the rubes for their hard-earned bucks in revival tents. He then turned his revelation of all that hypocrisy into a full-length film and made even bigger bucks. Now he was freely speculating for all America on whether other people were mercenaries. Now, that's incredible!

But not any more incredible than a bunch of guys hanging around a firing range saying things like "Where can I get a beret like that?" or "Hey, nice cammies; I like the shoulder straps." More the caliber of talk you'd expect to hear in a gay bar.

And this strange psychological ground they seem to share, all wrapped up in an ideal of authoritarian fatherhood—the kind of thing that's going on when Thibodeaux berates his young charges and casts them out of the plane—and the curious mawkishness that makes an old marine teary-eyed over his drill instructor slapping him around and calling him a maggot. It's something that probably starts a lot earlier, but crystallizes in a firefight or in some life-risking moment when the pucker factor is 20 on a scale of 10.

Of course, there were plenty present who *didn't* fit this profile: the merely curious, who assigned themselves an observer status, the doers like McColl, Thibodeaux or Novotny, who seem too involved in their own active lives to become wistful about the glories of war; or even the SOF staff, whose efforts are absorbed in getting out a burgeoning magazine—not greasing commies.

But, for a fair number of the participants, these three days of bivouac and bullshit have been the high point of the last year. It's made them feel a little more prepared for an apocalypse they see waiting just beyond the perimeter. These are men for whom war, or the idea of it, seems to meet some irrepressible need.

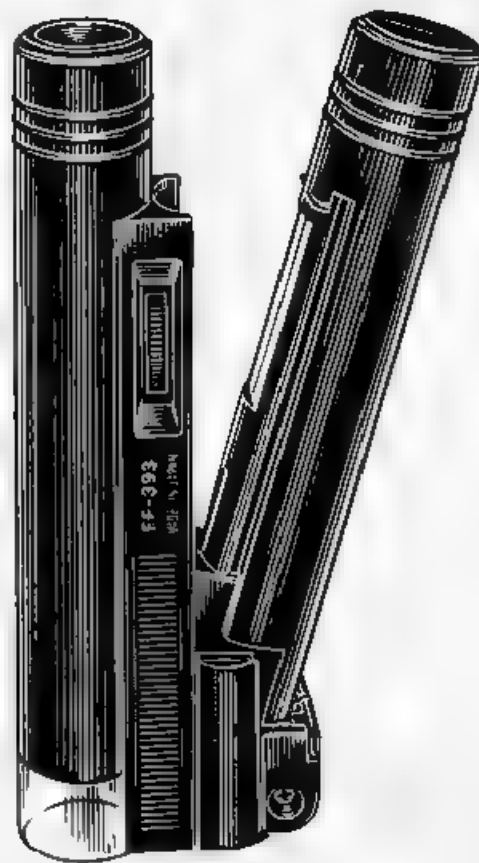
But at least they're not humorless about it. These unemployed dogs of war and would-be paladins can have a good laugh just like everybody else: As I was preparing to leave, I strolled up toward the parking lot in search of my photographer, Glenn, whom I hadn't seen in hours. Colonel Colingwood, a grandfatherly reactionary with icy blue eyes who had sat opposite me at the banquet, was standing halfway up the slope talking with a guy from St. Louis, a martial arts instructor, built like a gas pump.

"Have you seen my photographer?" I asked.

"Yeah, saw him floatin' down the creek just a little while ago," Colingwood replied.

"With his press card shoved up his ass," the other chimed in. □

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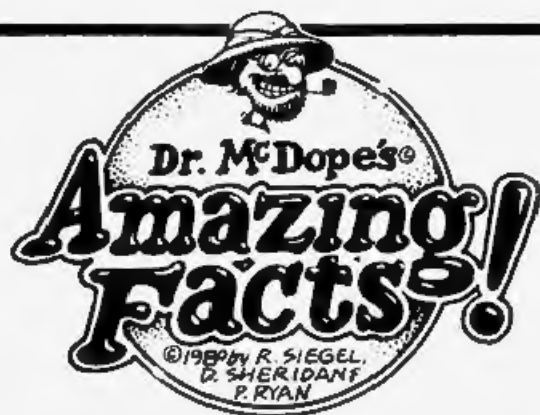
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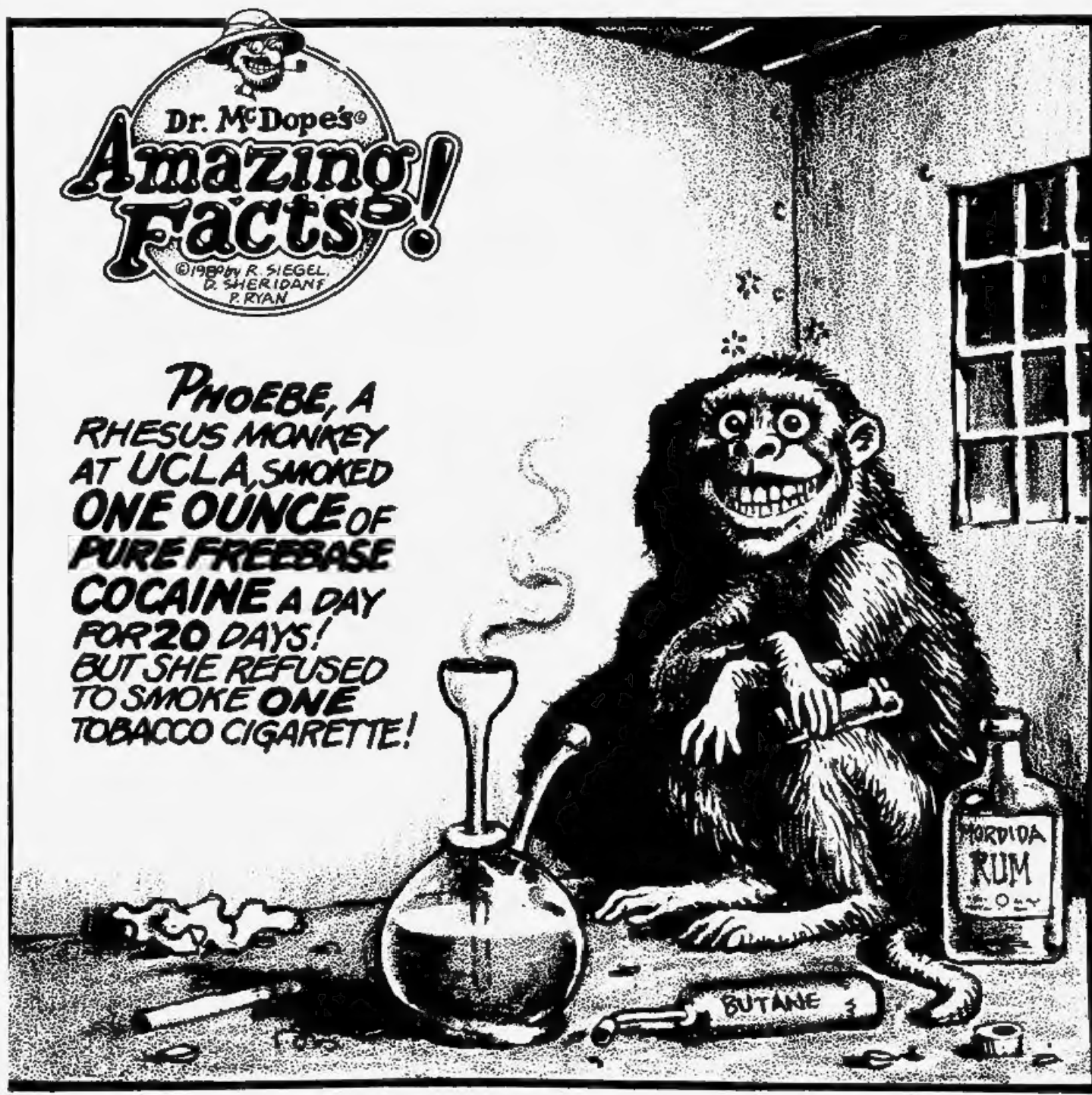
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